

THE LIVING AGE.

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TO A GRAVEN IMAGE.

Thou that on me and all thou canst
 espy
 Dost glare with baleful and malignant
 eye,
 That since thy coming hast beset me
 still
 With wizard arts to work my house-
 hold ill,
 Till morns successive new misfortunes
 bring—
 Abate thy spite, unreasonable Thing!
 Accept thy lot: from dull resentment
 cease;
 And sit contented on my mantelpiece!

I know the cause: I know thou
 wouldst prefer
 The peace of that Egyptian sepulchre
 Wherefrom thou wast incontinently
 hurled
 Into the tumults of an alien world:—
 What' done, is done: thou canst not
 always have
 The calm and darkness of that distant
 grave:
 Brief is our span, philosophers have
 said:
 Life waits for all—you can't be always
 dead.

There where they set thee in the si-
 lent ring
 Of carven slaves who watched their
 buried king,
 There where thou didst for age on
 age repose,
 While empires fell and other empires
 rose,
 Strangers have come: Research hath
 canceled quite
 Thy long, long lease of immemorial
 night:
 The unhallowed lamp of artificial day
 Illumes the darkness where thy mon-
 arch lay:
 Far, far from home thy lord embalmed
 lies,
 A K-nyon's treasure or a P-trie's prize:
 The grave is rifled and the shrine is
 bare—
 Nor slave, nor Pharaoh, can inhabit
 there,—

Relax thy look of concentrated gloom!

It was not I that took thee from the
 tomb:
 The mounds of Memphis and of Meroë
 Know countless robbers, but they
 know not me:
 Not mine to mar with sacrilegious
 spade
 Sakkara's sands or Gizeh's haunted
 shade;

Nay, hear the truth: the facts I will
 declare:
 Thou wast at Cairo, and I found thee
 there—
 I found thee there 'mid trophies of the
 grave,
 Exposed for sale like any other slave,
 For sale exposed 'mid mere unpur-
 chased lots—
 Suspected scarabs and imperfect
 pots:—
 There (though I might by kinder for-
 tune led
 Have bought a scarab or a pot in-
 stead)
 I, not divining thine ingratitude,
 Thy beastly temper, thy vindictive
 mood,
 I paid the price that thou wast valued
 at,
 ('Twas ten piastres, and too much at
 that;
 Alas! what ills from deeds of mercy
 come!)

I bought thy freedom and I took thee
 home.
 Change then thy spells: or thou shalt
 straightway go
 (Bear witness, Isis! that the fact is so)
 'Mid Ashmole's hoards to play a hum-
 bler part
 As paltry rubbish (which, in truth,
 thou art):
 There, while Professors of a mightier
 charm
 Mock and condemn thy petty powers
 to harm,
 There shalt thou lie on some neglected
 shelf,
 And learn the value of thy worthless
 self!

A. D. Godley.

The Cornhill Magazine.

THE AIR: OUR FUTURE HIGHWAY.

I.

The world's demand is for quicker transport; but, by land and sea, travel has reached almost a limit of speed. To save only a minute, upon the time-schedule of an express train, has become a problem; and thousands of pounds in money, and thousands of tons of coal, must be expended upon attaining even a trifling increase in the speed of ocean liners.

Yet the clamor grows; time, representing money, becomes more valuable day by day. Men chafe, on long journeys, even when in 60-mile-an-hour dining-car trains; and there is a persistent cry, from the trading world, that mail services should be quicker, and transport of goods speeded up. Larger sums of money would be earned if people, letters, and merchandise were moved more rapidly.

In meeting the demand for high-speed transit, lies the potentiality of a perfected aeroplane. Along the highway of the air—straight as an aircraft glides from point to point, ignoring such obstacles as are presented by mountains, forests, rivers, or seas—will go the high-speed traffic of the future. No permanent way need be built for the aeroplane; it makes its own. All an air-service needs is a chain of suitable landing-stations.

Already, a pace of more than 100 miles an hour may be attained by monoplane; and this is but a beginning. Speeds appreciably greater should be possible with the large, powerfully-engined aircraft of the future. Having evolved passenger aeroplanes, with engines of 100 horse-power, which will average a speed of more than 70 miles an hour, designers are now planning to equip larger machines with motors developing 200 and 300 horse-power. Aircraft are being built to carry half-

a-dozen passengers as a normal load. Weighing several tons, they will fly at speeds greater than those of express trains. Machines even more ambitious, with motors of 500 horse-power, and a capacity for raising perhaps a dozen people, are in contemplation.

Meanwhile, international committees are preparing to map out the "airways," along which traffic between nations will presently pass. They are considering, also, by what signs the new highways shall be indicated, either by day or night. But England, whose unpreparedness makes her apprehensive, passes laws to restrict the navigation of the air.

Daily, although unrealized by the bulk of the people, the volume of sky-borne traffic grows; so, too, does the number of airmen; and pupils, in hundreds, throng the flying schools. At one great aerodrome, nearly a thousand certificated airmen have already gone through their training.

Cross-country flying is vastly on the increase. Aerodromes—even in England—are being established in all directions. Slowly, but surely, the world is being prepared for a revolution in transit.

II.

A question which exercises the minds of ordinary folk is this: "Can flying be made safe?"

Ninety-nine men out of a hundred, when speaking of the risks of aviation, conjure up a mental picture of an airman falling several thousand feet in his machine. The death of one man, in an aeroplane accident, affects the public more deeply than would, say, the killing of a number of people in a railway disaster. It is the terrible nature of a form of death, rather than statistics which can be adduced in connection with it, that leaves an impression upon the mind.

Aerial transport presents an idea which is crudely new. Most of us, when we view it, find ourselves in the mental condition of a forefather who—upon some dreamer predicting a day when men would sit at dinner in a vehicle being drawn across country at 60-miles-an-hour—felt that his intelligence was insulted, and was properly scandalized. There is a mountain of conservative thought to be moved aside before—to the eyes of the majority—the conquest of the air can be seen in its significance.

As regards the dangers of aerial transit, what do statistics show? They tell us, for one thing that, with the purely experimental aircraft first induced to leave the ground, 35,000 miles were flown at a cost of three lives. The point, here, is this: were the navigation of the air so constantly perilous as is assumed, the earliest pioneers could not have attained such a mileage at so small a sacrifice of life.

Since the summer, four years ago, when the world first realized that human flight was no longer a dream, the handling of aeroplanes has been rendered steadily safer; and now—thanks to the compilation of official statistics—it is definitely recorded that in France, during last year, only one life was lost for every 92,000 miles flown.

"But," objects the newspaper reader, "one sees accidents reported every day." That is true because, as was the case in the early days of motor-ing, the death of an aviator—provided he has a spectacular fall—is still news that papers print prominently. But they do not tell readers, while chronicling occasional mishaps, that thousands of miles are being flown in safety by aeroplane, or that the army of airmen has grown from a handful until it now numbers several thousands. A false impression is thus created.

Nine years ago, aeroplanes first began to fly; and, since then, more than two hundred men have lost their lives in disasters with aircraft of this type. But, remembering that an unknown and uncharted element was being invaded, by pioneers who had no experience and flimsy apparatus, such a death-roll, although deplorable, is not excessive—at least, not when logically viewed.

More than 100 people, it may be observed parenthetically, were killed last year while mountaineering.

As a matter of fact, seeing that it has been passing through its perilous phase, and that many men have been over-bold, airmanship has shown that it is far from being so dangerous as is generally supposed. This is the point to be made: if, in the past, thousands of miles were flown without mishap, with experimental machines, and by unskilled men, we need not be apprehensive as to the future safety of flight, when aircraft are perfected, and their pilots experienced.

The chief perils of aeroplaning, in early days, were the danger of some part of a machine breaking while in flight, or of a craft being overturned by wind-gusts. Nowadays, both risks have been sensibly reduced, and the former is being gradually eliminated. Wood and wire were employed, exclusively, in the framework of the first aeroplanes; but now essential parts are built of metal. Several all-steel machines have already been made, and have flown well. Flimsy craft, which might break under the impact of wind-gusts, are things of the past. The experience gained by aeroplane builders has shown them what "factor of safety" to provide. The parts of a modern-type aeroplane, upon which heavy stress is found to fall, are given a strength seven, ten, or twelve times as great as that required to meet the strains of normal flight.

As to the peril from gusts, the increasing speed of aircraft, and their general airworthiness, enable them to be navigated safely in winds which would—a year or so ago—have been considered dangerous. In this connection, too, the greater skill of pilots plays its part. Granted suitable weather conditions, a well-built and reliably-engined aeroplane, and a careful pilot, a flight across country may be made to-day with just as much safety as a journey by motor-car.

Deep-rooted misapprehension exists concerning one risk of flying. It may be summarized in the question: "What happens when the motor stops?" People still think that, should an aeroplane engine fail when the machine is in flight, it must fall incontinently to the ground. But such is not the case. The thrust of the motor, exerted through the propeller is certainly necessary if the craft is to remain in the air; but, even when its power is gone, the airman is able to retain control, provided that he alters the angle of his machine, and maintains air-pressure under his sustaining-planes by a forward and downward glide. The motor is needed to propel the machine through the air; but with it, or without it, the aeroplane is stable. What the pilot actually does, when his engine stops, is to employ the force of gravity as motive-power. So long as he preserves the speed of his glide, the descent is under control. He can steer from side to side, in order to reach a suitable landing place; or circle in the air. All that engine-failure entails is a compulsory descent. An airman 1,000 feet high, when his motor stops, has power to glide 6,000 feet, by force of gravity, before reaching ground; and a machine flying at a considerable altitude, at the moment its engine fails, may travel several miles through the air before alighting. Thus the pilot, in making an involun-

tary descent, has ample time in which to find a suitable landing-place.

A motorist, when touring, finds garages everywhere, at which he may make a halt. The aerial tourist requires similar facilities, in the form of landing grounds or—as they are called—air-stations. In France, notably, steps are being taken to supply this need. There are already, for example, more than 100 air-stations for the convenience of French pilots when on such cross-country flights as necessitate descents for the replenishment of fuel tanks. That touring by aeroplane has become feasible, is indicated by actual achievement. A pilot, for example, recently completed 5,000 miles cross-country flying, upon one machine, without mishap; and another, accompanied by his wife, made an excursion by air which lasted fifteen days, during which he flew a distance of more than 2,000 miles. A present-type passenger aeroplane, providing accommodation, say, for two or three people, has a covered-in-body, a wind-screen, and cushioned seats. Its occupants, when in flight, are as comfortable as they would be in a high-powered car. The pleasures of aerial touring are undeniable. There is absence either of dust or vibration; the air breathed is pure and invigorating; the effortless speed occasions a feeling of exhilaration; and the panorama unrolled to the eye, when passing over picturesque country, is magnificent.

Special maps are now being produced in France for the use of pilots, which indicate alighting grounds, and draw attention to such prominent landmarks as may help an aerial voyager to locate his position, when passing across country that is strange to him. It should be a national aim to establish chains of landing-stations along important airways. Aircraft, indeed, need fixed starting points, and intermediate halts, just as does a

railway, and development cannot be more than haphazard until we have adequate organization. In England, the nucleus of a system is already provided, there being more than twenty aerodromes now in existence. What is required is a series of air-stations on important routes, such as, say, from London to York, Chester, Bath, and Portsmouth. A suitable stretch of ground needs to be chosen for each landing point; then sheds and a repair-shop built, a telephone installed, and mechanics placed on duty. Thus aerial touring will be encouraged, and the way paved for the commercial use of aeroplanes.

III.

A new factor in flying is introduced by the use of the hydro-aeroplane, or water-plane. This machine, in its most improved form, can be manoeuvred over the land on wheels, driven across the surface of the water on floats, or flown through the air by aid of wings; and now it is the aim of builders to produce a flying boat—a machine with a canoe-like body to rest upon the water, and air planes attached above it. Craft representing the first of this new type are being built.

The ideal actually striven for is an all-weather machine, capable of being flown over the sea in high winds, and of riding out rough waves when alighting upon the water; but experience under adverse conditions, as acquired recently at Monaco, shows that many practical difficulties have yet to be overcome.

The future of sea-and-air craft, however, appears likely to be far-reaching. Its speed, when compared with that of the fastest ships, must be vastly in their favor. There are, also, definite inducements to the building of large machines of a flying boat type. Technical problems—mainly concerning landing-gear—are encountered when

planning heavy aircraft, which must rise from, and descend upon, the surface of the ground; but, where water is available, such difficulties are lessened. Projects are on foot, therefore, for the construction of flying boats of such engine-power, and wing area, as will enable them to raise into the air a crew and passengers, and fly for long distances overseas. As showing the trend of development, a craft recently built in France may be indicated. It has a boat body, twenty feet in length, to seat a pilot and six passengers; sustaining planes with a span of seventy-two feet; an engine developing 200 horse-power; and its total weight is about two tons.

The flying boat, as perfected, will realize the imaginative writer's dream of an aerial "liner." When experience suggests further improvements, and duplicate motive-plants of high power are available, flying boats of great size will undoubtedly be built and flown, and commercial overseas services gradually instituted. The question is now asked: "When will the Atlantic be flown? As a matter of fact, it was planned last year to attempt the feat, with a machine having a power-plant of five 50 horse-power engines. But such a venture, when made in advance of logical development, is costly; ample funds, therefore, are needed; and these are likely to be forthcoming, now that there is *The Daily Mail* £10,000 prize to be won. With perfect organization, a specially-built craft, and luck of winds, the flight might possibly be made this year; but risk of failure, and something worse, would certainly be grave.

When crude motor-cars, after adventures *en route*, journeyed from London to Brighton, experts were unable immediately to anticipate the details of the luxurious six-cylinder machine of the present day; and, by the same token, no man can predict, with hope

of accuracy, how many years must elapse before oceans are crossed, regularly, by commercially-operated aircraft. This much, though, is certain: the present summer will see passenger services instituted by flying boat. They will be tentative, it is true, and of a pleasure-cruising order; but they should prove interesting to those with an intelligent eye to the future.

As a sport, preceding its commercial vogue, water-planing should enjoy genuine popularity. The navigation of a flying boat, in a cruise along pretty coast-line, during favorable weather, offers both novelty and exhilaration; and a low-powered but quite practicable machine can now be bought for £600. Summer displays with such craft, and the conducting of contests at seaside resorts, have already proved successful, and are likely to be amplified.

IV.

Sceptics argue that dependability, as demonstrated by train or steamboat, will, with the aeroplane, be impossible of attainment; so they decry its practical future. It is true that mechanical breakdown, and an inability to fly in high winds, have hitherto restricted the employment of aircraft; but, in reliability, the aeroplane engine now equals that of the motor-car; and, as regards wind-flying, a skilfully handled machine may be navigated—albeit with difficulty—in fifty-mile-an-hour gusts. Cross-country flights are made every day, however, and without hesitation, in winds blowing at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

Progress, in combating adverse weather, may be summarized thus: the first aeroplanes were flown only in calms; but present-type machines possess an airworthiness which permits their use on eighty per cent of the days of the year. Speed, growth in stability by improvements in build-

ing, and increased weight, should enable aircraft of the future to hold their own against a gale.

The path of progress, in aeroplane construction, is now fairly well defined; but development must depend, largely, upon the financial encouragement the industry receives. In France and Germany, money has been forthcoming; hence, the progress of these countries. In England it has been stinted; hence our backwardness. Pioneer builders, here, have faced a wall of apathy; and were it not for the activity stimulated by so far-seeing a patron of the science as Lord Northcliffe, the new industry in this country would be in a condition of stagnation. But the ultimate triumph can only be delayed. The aeroplane is assured of a future, in the affairs of man, which will destroy artificial barriers, and link race with race. Designers who look ahead foresee, already, the features of a perfected aircraft; but a great deal of money must be spent, and many difficulties overcome, before the machines of their drawing-boards stand complete in gleaming metal.

Greater regularity in flight, for one thing, needs to be achieved. The occasional breakdown of a single power unit must be obviated by equipping machines with two or more motors. Weight-carrying biplanes, with two engines of 50 horse-power each, have already passed through successful tests. Normally, both these units are operated; but, should one fail, the other may be accelerated to maintain the machine in flight. So far, however, dual plants are experimental; but the system will, assuredly, be developed. Large commercial aircraft, when practicable, should have duplicate power rendering delay from motor failure almost impossible.

Increased horse-power, and an adaptation of a machine's lifting surface to the pace desired, should enable

speeds of 150 and 200 miles an hour ultimately to be attained. From varying a craft's plane-area, while in flight, important results are anticipated. The system, which is based upon the fact that, as its speed increases, the planes of a machine exert greater lift—may be explained, briefly, thus: at ascending, or in alighting, when moderate pace is desirable, the aircraft would expose its whole wing surface; but when aloft, and with motors developing full power, the planes would be reefed by degrees, or furled—so that, as less lifting surface became required, the machine would adapt itself, without wastage of propelling effort, to the gradually growing speed. Without some method such as this, an aircraft's flying speed is governed by the pace at which it is practicable to rise from, or descend upon, the ground. With fast flying machines, for instance, as at present constructed, difficulty is experienced in alighting, unless the landing surface is perfectly smooth. Aeroplanes, in fact, like motor-cars, need a system of changing speeds, if efficiency is to be achieved. Obstacles to be overcome, in constructing variable-speed craft, lie in preserving the rigidity of a wing which is made to telescope or reef, and in adjusting the equilibrium and controllability of a machine to alterations in sustaining surface. Neither difficulty, however, appears insurmountable; but expensive tests are necessary before the system can be effective, and lack of funds, for urgent research work, hinders progress.

With variation of speed, and duplicate engine-plants, aircraft cease to be experimental; and sustained flight, in all weathers, becomes practicable.

V.

The first use of a commercial machine should be as a carrier of mail-matter. Recent demonstrations, while

revealing the inability of existing aeroplanes to adhere to a rigid time-schedule, have indicated the rapidity with which aerial transit can be accomplished; and a mail-carrying aircraft, conveying express letters at special fees, and with the requisite dependability, should be an innovation of the not-far-distant future. When motor-cars were in a crude stage, sceptics derided the prophecy that they would be employed, ultimately, in the postal service. The confusion of these critics, as the use of the motor mail-van grows, should teach them to be chary in decrying the possibilities of the air-mail.

A definite field of utility, for reliable aircraft, should lie in carrying urgently consigned goods, at rates higher than those charged for land or sea transport. Here, again, the speed of the new method of conveyance must win its patronage. Further commercial uses, for weight-carrying machines, will be suggested by the experience gained in operating the first services.

Then will come the era of passenger aircraft. Such machines in their initial application, may accommodate twenty or twenty-five people, and be capable of travelling several hundred miles, without alighting. Passengers will be business men, willing to pay high fares for the privilege of passing between the cities of Europe at speeds averaging 100 miles an hour. They will be seated in comfortable, totally-enclosed saloons; air travel, indeed, will have a smooth, vibrationless luxury unknown with present transit. Only the subdued hum from the power-plant in the fore-car, and the hissing rush of air past the polished hull, will indicate the huge speeds attained. Often earth or sea, faintly visible through the windows of the saloon, will be obscured by a film of low-lying clouds, and all sense of motion lost. To seek favorable wind conditions,

aircraft will fly at altitudes of 10,000 feet, and higher, when upon long, high-speed voyages.

The first passenger aeroplanes will, naturally, be employed over routes upon which their advantages can be demonstrated most conclusively. It should be the aim, for instance, to establish early services between London and Paris. By railway and steamer, this journey is one of approximately seven and three-quarter hours. It should be accomplished, by airway, in two-and-a-half hours; and travellers who patronize the new air-route will avoid delays in changing, and the much dreaded discomforts of the sea crossing.

As to the actual operation of the airways, this much may be written, in prophecy. Below the London streets, in the era of practical flight, there will lie, probably, a central air-station. From it—north, south east, and west—will radiate mono-rail tube trains, conveying passengers and goods to the aerodromes, on the outskirts of the city, from which the chief aircraft services will be operated.

When the institution of a non-stop air service permits him to make the trip from London to Paris in a third of the time now required, a businessman will, before his journey, visit his

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office as usual to deal with the morning's correspondence; then he will catch, say, the 11 A.M. air-mail, and arrive in Paris at 1.30 P.M. He will lunch, transact his business, and return by the 5 P.M. service, taking tea while in flight, and reaching London at 7.30 P.M., in reasonable time for dinner. From being a penance, in fact, this specific journey will become a pleasure. The world of commerce will, indeed, come one day to revere the names of those patient pioneers who, undaunted by difficulties or derision, laid the foundation stones of flight.

From Paris to Berlin, or St. Petersburg, or Madrid, international flying routes will radiate; by degrees Europe, and finally the earth, will be linked by airway. Journeys which have occupied weeks, will be made in days; voyages which have lasted days, will be reduced to hours.

The conquest of the air must, ultimately, prove man's greatest and most glorious triumph. A country becomes homogeneous, in thought and action, when its methods of communication are perfected; sporadic, merely wasteful effort is checked. What railways have done for nations, airways will do for the world.

Claude Grahame-White.

Harry Harper.

EVOLUTION IN HUMAN SOCIETY.

The popular mind is slow to take up new ideas, but when it has once assimilated them, it holds them tenaciously. So it not unfrequently happens that the heresies of one age become the superstitions of the next; and notions which were at first received with scoffing incredulity, end by becoming dogmas which it is counted heterodox to question. This is pretty much what has happened in the case

of the theory of evolution, or of what, in a vague way, may be called Darwinism. When first propounded, it aroused, in much the same way as did formerly the Copernican theory, the fiercest opposition; now, however, it has won such complete acceptance that it has entered, so to speak, into the very fibre of the thoughts and language of civilized man. Such phrases as "the struggle for existence," the "sur-

vival of the fittest," "natural selection," and the like, are on everybody's lips; they are constantly made use of in discussing the moral, political and social problems which so importunately obtrude themselves upon our notice. In considering such questions as those of individualism, socialism, population and national defence, for example, much is said about the theory of evolution and its applicability to human society. It is hardly questionable, indeed, that the general acceptance of Darwinism has induced a view of life, an outlook on affairs, a standpoint which are novel. There has arisen a sort of anti-humanitarian, even a fatalistic, way of regarding the destiny of man. Physical science, it is believed, has given its verdict in favor of violence and brute force; it is idle therefore, so it is argued, to endeavor to promote the finer feelings. Gentleness, humility, the sense of justice are, from this point of view, not so much virtues as symptoms of weakness and degeneracy. Natural selection, it is asserted, will go its passionless way, and, whether we wish it or not, the stronger will survive. Blessed are the strong, for they shall destroy the weak. That the race is only to the swift and the battle to the strong; that man's life and actions are ruled by inexorable laws which it is futile to endeavor to resist—this is the kind of mental attitude which the acceptance of Darwinism has caused very widely to prevail. The holding of such a creed cannot be without its influence upon conduct. Nor do the consequences end here. For the theory has penetrated into the region of high politics. It is, for instance, not too much to say that it has gone far to make popular a conception of the State which Bismarck, not altogether unsuccessfully, tried to realize. Man, it is now fashionable to hold, exists for the State, and not the State for the man. And so the individual

withers and the State is more and more. In the competitive struggle between nations, safety, it is asserted, can be secured only by realizing this ideal. Now, it is precisely from this doctrine that the demand for extending the sphere of government interference and regulation is immediately derived; and from it, too, springs the conception of a nation as a self-contained unit—as "a moral, organized, masculine personality," to use the phrase of a German political philosopher. The reaction towards Protection and militarism, the growth of armaments, are among the fruits of this conception of the world as a place of international struggle where only the strongest nation can survive. The various rulers of the world, whatever views in the abstract they may hold, are in practice driven more and more to act upon the theory.

The importance of the questions raised can hardly be over-estimated. How far, then, and in what ways, it may be pertinently asked, does the law of natural selection really operate in human society? Now, in the first place, in endeavoring to supply an answer, it cannot be too carefully borne in mind that in trying to extend and apply biological conceptions to the sphere of sociology great caution is required. There lurks considerable danger in a premature attempt to formulate a higher order of facts in the terms of a lower order of facts. Such a proceeding, if hereafter proved to be unwarrantable, can do nothing but impede the advance of scientific knowledge. It is important, therefore, to inquire whether the laws relating to the animal organism hold good also in the social organism; whether, in short, the biological conditions of man considered merely as an animal are also the conditions of groups of human beings acting together in society. That the laws and conditions are the same

in both cases seems a plausible conclusion. The analogy between the physical organism and the social organism at first sight seems sufficiently close to warrant such a deduction, though the argument of analogy by itself can never amount to proof. But however that may be, it is unquestionable that it is tacitly assumed by many persons that such a thing as a social organism may exist, living its own life in exactly the same way as any individual animal; and it is in considering the question of the struggle and competition among races, nations, and States that this view is usually most distinctly pushed into the foreground. In the struggle and competition, again, between the individual members of a State the question may be asked: Does the same law of natural selection hold among men which holds apparently throughout the remainder of the organic world? There are many who talk and write as if they thought so, and, as used to be said of Lord Holland, of Holland House fame, look on their fellow-creatures more in the way of a naturalist than of a brother. In a word, there is a widely-prevailing notion that men, whether considered as individual units, or as bound together in society, are, in exactly the same way as all other living organisms, subject to the same evolutionary laws. It will therefore, perhaps, be useful to inquire what ground there is for this belief, and how far it is justified by facts.

There are, to begin with, some important distinctions which in discussions of this kind are too often forgotten or allowed to drop out of sight. There is, for instance, the far-reaching difference between the animal organism and the social organism which was pointed out by Spencer: namely, that whereas the animal organism has one sentient centre, in the social organism there are many sentient centres—a difference

from which he drew the individualist conclusion that "the units can no longer be regarded as existing for the benefit of the aggregate." Mr. Galton indicated the same thing when he observed that whereas the life of an animal is conscious and the elements upon which that life is based are unconscious, exactly the reverse is true of the corporate life of a body of men in society. And yet this important difference is constantly neglected. Much confusion, moreover, has arisen from the failure to perceive that the struggle for existence among human beings may take place in at least three different ways. There is the struggle between man and the external world, organic and inorganic; there is the struggle between individual persons, and the struggle between corporate societies, whether we call them races, nations or States. Yet these various forms of struggle are frequently confounded; nor is the precise character of the conflict in each case properly apprehended.

Take, for instance, the case of the struggle between individual persons for the maintenance of life and for the propagation of the species. It is commonly assumed that such a struggle is of just the same character as that which obtains among the lower animal creation. How profound, however, the difference is between the two cases will become apparent from the following considerations.

In the first place the struggle for existence among human beings does not, as a rule, arise from the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence. Malthus thought it did, but subsequent events have shown him to be wrong. It seems nearly certain that the habitable portion of the earth could maintain a very much larger population than it actually does; and there seems to be no reason why, with adequate channels of distribution, the

supply of the means of subsistence should not be equal to the demands made upon it. This, broadly speaking, would remain true, even though in particular localities there should be a temporary scarcity. From this point of view the struggle for existence among men cannot be called severe.¹ As a matter of fact, indeed, while the human population on the whole increases, the supply of food increases even more. Far otherwise is it in the animal world, if left to itself and unaffected by human interference. Most truly Nature is red in tooth and claw. "One pair in the new generation," says Sir E. Ray Lankester, "only one pair survive for every parental pair. Animal population does not increase. Locally, and from time to time owing to exceptional changes, a species may multiply here and decrease there." But, broadly speaking, an identical number is maintained.

The second great distinction between the struggle in the animal world and that of man lies in this evident fact, that whereas human beings can to a very large extent modify their own environment, animals cannot. This difference at once raises man to an entirely different plane. Nay, more, it is not only in his power to change his own surroundings, but he can often modify those of the lower orders of creation at his will, and even mould their species by an artificial process of selection. The stock-breeder takes, so to speak, the work out of Nature's hands, and does it for his own purpose

considerably better. Heine, in his jesting way, said that we ought to be very careful how we choose our own parents. What we cannot, however, do for ourselves, we can sometimes do for the lower animals.

It needs only to have these distinctions pointed out to recognize their profound and far-reaching importance. But this is not all. It is certain that, whereas the greater number of human beings succumb sooner or later to some form of disease, the end in the animal world comes usually in other ways. Cold, hunger, the assaults of enemies, deal unceasingly their deadly blows. In wild nature the animal is usually cut off in infancy or in its prime, a few only lingering on to what is, relatively speaking, a period of old age. But it is an old age which, again, is different from that of man. For prolonged duration of life is of importance only relatively to the species, and the struggle for existence among the lower creation being intense, old age, so far from being of use to the species, may be positively harmful. The old members may become merely an incumbrance. But in the case of man, the survival of the old not only secures protection for the young over a protracted period, but provides for storing up the accumulations of experience. The mystical lore that comes in the evening of life is made available for use.

It is upon the failure to perceive the distinctions which have just been pointed out that a vast structure of inaccurate and confused argumentation has been built up. There is the common idea, for example, that civilized nations—and the British nation in particular—are, so to speak, destroying themselves by interfering with the law of natural selection. It is asserted that, under present conditions, it is not the fittest who are able to survive, but, on the contrary, the least fit; the fact

¹ It has been calculated that during the nineteenth century the European population of the world rose from 170,000,000 to 500,000,000; and that by the end of another century this number may rise further to from 1,500,000,000 to 2,000,000,000. During the nineteenth century the Anglo-American population rose from 20,000,000 to 150,000,000. (Kidd's "Principles of Western Civilization.")

It was calculated by Mr. Greg that Europe could maintain as many as 500,000,000 persons easily without inconvenience, instead of the actual number of 270,000,000. (Greg's "Enigmas of Life"; Appendix. Edition 1891.)

Sir E. Ray Lankester's "The Kingdom of an."

being apparently forgotten that what is meant by "fittest" is not the strongest, but that which is most in harmony with environment. And it may well be that the common conception of what is "fittest" may turn out to be wrong. Again, there is the widely-prevailing belief that in order to maintain the process of selection in a state in vigorous and salutary operation, it is necessary to keep up a high rate of increase of population; or, at any rate, that the decline of the birth-rate is an evil. Lower the rate of increase, it is argued, and you diminish the potentiality of selection. There are, however, good grounds for doubting whether such a result is likely to occur. There is the capital fact, for instance, that lessened fertility tends to accompany increased intellectual capacity. It appears to be well established that the maintenance of the individual life and the propagation of the race vary inversely, or, in other words, that the species with the shortest and most uncertain lives have the greater number of offspring; in a word, that individuation and reproduction are antagonistic. If this be so, it is only natural to anticipate that a diminishing birth-rate is likely to be a constant phenomenon among the more highly-civilized races. Moreover, in popular discussions upon human selection, the moral factor is not given its true value. It was not for nothing, as Darwin long ago pointed out, that mankind was endowed with comparatively small physical strength and means of self-defence. If our ancestors had possessed greater brute force and ferocity, the individual would have been able to defend himself much more easily without assistance, the social habits would have remained undeveloped, and the higher mental and moral qualities would not to the same extent have been acquired. So, in the end, the weak have been enabled to con-

found the strong. Man's safety, in short, depends upon the intensity of his social instincts; morality is but the developed form of tribal habit, and moral conduct is nothing less than social conduct, just as immoral conduct is directly anti-social. Society, indeed, might be described as morality embodied. Whereas, therefore, amongst inferior creatures the survival of the fittest is the outcome of aggressive competition, among mankind it is rather the outcome of non-aggressive competition. From this limited competition, indeed, the human notion of justice is derived.³

The struggle for existence, then, among men is not necessarily and solely related to numbers or to the means of subsistence. Whether the decline in the birth-rate—now so marked a feature in many civilized communities—is the evil that it is alleged to be, will of course depend very much upon its causes. But observation goes to show that, as a general rule, such a decline goes hand in hand with high wages and the spread of education. If it be an evil, it must at least be admitted that it is accompanied by mitigating circumstances. It is, moreover, to be anticipated that an improved social organization would be likely to put a still further check upon the growth of population. For, as a result of better social conditions, it is to be expected that the period of marriage will be postponed; that fewer women will—as they often now do—marry rather from necessity than choice; and that there will be a diminishing mortality amongst men, thus rectifying the pres-

³ It has been calculated that the total income of the people of the United Kingdom amounts to £1,700,000,000, and that of this sum nearly one-half is spent by the rich, who are estimated at about 5,000,000; or, in other words, that about one-eighth of the population spend about half of the produce of the labor of the whole population. If the state of society in this country was one of aggressive competition merely, it seems scarcely likely that seven-eighths of the population would continue to assent to this very unequal distribution. (See Urwick's "Luxury and Waste of Life.")

ent disparity in numbers of the sexes. A declining birth-rate may, therefore, be the direct consequence of the fact that a civilized community is fundamentally a moral institution, that it is based upon altruistic motives, and that it increasingly depends for its success upon a high development of intellectual capacity.

From considerations such as these, persons who are inclined to take a pessimistic outlook may, perhaps, though not without reluctance, derive some consolation. But, on the other hand, they will point to facts and tendencies which they will regard as affording ample grounds for their dejection. They will maintain, for instance, that our humanitarian policy of keeping alive the feeble must tend to check the elimination of the unfit, and so lead to the gradual deterioration of the race. It would be far better, so it is argued, that the feeble should be allowed to perish and die. Reasoners of this type distrust all attempts to place a velvet glove upon the iron hand of Nature. But is there reasonable ground for this distrust? Burke has spoken somewhere of a wise and salutary neglect through which a generous Nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection. But the neglect of the feeble, the sick and the dependent can scarcely have been that of which the great political philosopher was thinking. So far from increased humanitarianism being likely to cause a deterioration of the race, it may be fairly argued that the probability is quite the other way. The prevention of a high rate of infantile mortality, for instance, can hardly be said to be an unwarrantable interference with the order of Nature; many weaklings require only proper nourishment to be made strong; natural selection, if allowed to go its own way, may carry off the strong together with the feeble; even the physically incapable may be en-

dowed with some qualities useful to the race. In order to preserve the fit, it is not necessary to destroy the unfit. It is indeed, not too much to say that the community most sensitive to altruistic motives is likely in the long run to prevail. For social evolution is at bottom an ethical process; its end is the survival of those who are ethically the best; its aim not so much the survival of the fittest as the fitting of as many as possible to survive. It is scarcely to be doubted that increased humanity—denounced by some as sickly and sentimental humanitarianism—though it may to some extent be antagonistic to physical improvement, does tend to enlarge morality. And it is hardly less certain that the races which are the most advanced morally have the best chance of surviving in the stress of competition.

There is not much reason, therefore, for thinking that the increase of humanitarian feeling need cause ground for pessimism. But, putting this question aside, there are not a few who take alarm at the alleged check on the reproductive fertility of the abler and better educated classes, and the relatively larger increase of the less able and less educated. Professor Ridgeway, for example, at a meeting of the British Association, strongly insisted on the doctrine that it was the duty of the statesman to act something like a stock-breeder, and he declared that this duty was entirely disregarded. This class of thinkers affirm, moreover, that the persistent immigration of the rural population into the towns is gradually bringing about much physical deterioration of the race:—

*"Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?
Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosorem."*

That the first danger is a real one can hardly be denied. It is certain that mankind may by its own acts dis-

courage the multiplication of the best stocks; and that the lower orders of society do at present tend to grow more rapidly than the middle and upper classes is pretty well established. But, on the other hand, it is to be borne in mind that there is a considerable process of absorption of the lower into the middle class constantly going on, and that there is an incalculable spontaneity in the appearance of genius or of extraordinary talent. They are no monopoly of any class or order of society. Whether, again, town life is really so injurious as it is commonly supposed to be, is still a matter of dispute. In any case, the extent of the injury will to a great degree depend upon the answer to the much-debated problem of the inheritance or non-inheritance of acquired characters. For if we are to conclude that such characters are not acquired, then it follows that the evil effects of town life upon individuals will not descend to their posterity. Nor is this all; for it has been contended with some show of reason that a race not merely of town-dwellers, but even of slum-dwellers, who would be immune to the effects of their surroundings, might in course of time be evolved; and that to place individuals to live in too favorable conditions would defeat its own ends by reducing to a minimum the elimination of the unfit. There is, indeed, much to be said for Weismann's view that civilization can never lead to the utter deterioration of mankind, because the moment it begins to be injurious to the individual in the struggle for existence, natural selection will step in and prevent further decay.

At the beginning of this article I ventured to assert that the popular acceptance of Darwinism had tended to induce a prevalent feeling of pessimistic fatalism. This feeling, I went on to maintain, was largely due to

inaccurate notions about the actual character of the struggle for existence and of natural selection in human society. Pessimistic views, it has been shown, have been based upon observations made with regard to the decline of the birth-rate, increased humanitarianism, the relatively larger growth of the lower classes, and the immigration of the rural population into the towns. That this pessimistic feeling is unwarranted and due to a failure to perceive all the factors, especially the ethical factor, in human evolution, I have endeavored very briefly to point out. My remarks refer, however, only to the struggle between individual persons, and I now pass on to that between the various States and nations.

If the struggle for existence among individual persons differs in some important points from that which obtains in the animal creation, much more does it differ from the struggle among civilized States. A social organism, as we have seen, is a totally different thing from a physiological organism. And yet in common talk people speak of international conflict, as if it were a mere phase of the struggle for existence. It is again to the failure to perceive the difference between the two cases that the origin of a whole group of erroneous views must be ascribed. It is argued, for example, that war is necessary for the maintenance of a healthy competition, and in accordance with this view, preparedness for war is made almost the sole test of national efficiency. A certain feeling of apprehension, moreover, is provoked by a widely-spread but unwarrantable belief that a nation's life is like man's, and that it must go through the three periods of youth, middle age and senile decay. A full-grown nation must, it is imagined, sooner or later enter upon the last melancholy stage. All human power, writes Cardinal Newman, for example, has its termination sooner or

later; States rise and fall; the very causes which lead to the greatness of civilized communities, at length by continuing become their ruin. The analogy, however, between national and human life is a false one; for bodies politic do not die of senility, but of violence or disease. Decay in their structure is no part of an inevitable order. Yet for want of this perception there has arisen a common idea that the British nation, because it is one of the oldest civilized States, must probably by this time be entering on the inevitable period of decadence; and people fancy that they see around them signs of the beginning of the end. Sir W. Gilbert writes in one of his comic operas of

"The idiot, who praises with enthusiastic tone,
Every century but this, and every country but his own."

Croakers of this kind, indeed, are by no means unknown in England. Yet there is no real ground for thinking that the English nation need ever grow old, much less die. It may be endowed with the gift of perpetual youth.

It is not infrequently said that international war is a necessary factor in human progress, and that, if it were abolished, nations would sink into slothfulness, luxury and decay. There, again, there seems to be little ground for this discouraging conclusion. Diminution in national power, whether absolute or relative, is not in itself a sign of decadence; nor is the struggle for existence among nations necessarily concluded in favor of the biggest and the strongest. It is admitted that war is the crudest form of international struggle, and that it has no real equivalence in that simple removal by death of the unfit and the survival and reproduction of the fit, which is the outcome of natural selection. Napoleon, it is said, permanently lowered the stature of the French nation by his

declamating wars; and it is quite possible that an exaggerated militarism might lay burdens on society which would end by causing that very deterioration which it is the supposed result of war to prevent. Putting war aside, there is no form of struggle left except that of commercial competition. Yet, properly regarded, international trade is beneficial to all who participate in it, and the prosperity of each reacts to the prosperity of all. There is, therefore, clearly no analogy between the international struggle and the struggle in the animal creation. The question whether a nation is likely to endure or to decline seems to depend rather upon a different class of considerations altogether. Civilization involves a continuous change of environment, or the imposing of new conditions, which may have one of two results. Either it may modify a nation which is pliant enough, or it may destroy it if it be too unyielding. It is quite possible that a nation may grow incapable of keeping pace with the demands which civilization makes upon it. Whether this fate is likely to overtake any particular State must in the last resort depend upon its own nature and the character of its organism. It is here, doubtless, that there lies the explanation of the fact that some primitive races melt away before the breath of civilization. In a word, it is in a kind of innate incapacity to meet the more complex conditions of a changing environment that the cause of national decadence is probably to be found. No one, however, would be bold enough to assert that the British people are, in a greater degree than other nations, showing signs of inability to cope with the stress of civilization.

Much of the prevalent pessimism about the future of mankind and of the British people has, I have endeavored to show, arisen from inaccurate

and superficial views about the course of evolution in human society. Some of the conclusions arrived at are, to say the least of them, scarcely warranted by the facts. Pope's famous saying that "whatever is, is right," though it has been roundly denounced, may in a sense be true. For, after all, there is good ground for thinking that

there is a continuously increasing harmony between the tenantry of the earth and their environment. Individuals, even nations, may perish, but the end may be perfection. And so we may say with Browning:—

"God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the world."

C. B. Roylance Kent.

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COLOR-BLIND.

BY ALICE PERRIN.

CHAPTER XIII.

Fay Fleetwood, alone in the dining room of "Combe Down," sat by the fire that burned in a very modern grate designed to give the greatest heat with the least possible consumption of fuel. It was the Fleetwoods' second winter in Norbledon, and they had learned that it saved a great deal of coal not to have fires burning in all three sitting rooms from morning till night. Further than this it "saved the servants"—that insecure foundation on which rested the family contentment, a foundation that so often gave way, that indeed proved itself a sort of sliding bog. When servants stayed they were usually incompetent; when they knew their work and did it they either had illnesses, or did not like something connected with the situation, and gave notice. They came and went, principally went, as Marion said; and at this moment Fay was studying a cookery book because the cook had departed that morning in a passion, for the reason that "there was too many fiddling things to do in this house." She mentioned various duties she had cheerfully agreed to undertake when engaged by Mrs. Fleetwood a month ago.

Mrs. Fleetwood was in London this afternoon "cook-hunting." Meantime a person of the char persuasion was

conversing diffusely in the kitchen, and discovering in every hole and corner iniquities that had been perpetrated by the deserter. Marion and Isabel were with friends at Prince's Skating Rink for the afternoon; but Mr. Fleetwood had fled at once to the Club when the kitchen disturbance arose, agreeing, for his own as well as for the household convenience, to spend the day there.

"We shall be able to manage dinner all right if I can get Mrs. Hikkup," his wife told him, "but you had better have an extra good luncheon in case of accidents. And don't come home too late, dear," she added anxiously, "your cough seems so bad."

She watched him with wistful eyes from the dining-room window as he set out for the station, and noticed, not for the first time, that his shoulders, always a little bent, had now a definite stoop, that his face was thinner, rather weary, though his smile was just as cheerful and his spirits did not seem to flag. But in her heart she knew that the rust of inaction and restraint was wearing into his soul, deadening his mind, telling on his bodily health. At the end of the road he turned and waved to her. Energetically she waved to him again, thankful that he could not see the tears filling her eyes.

Later she sent Fay to commandeer Mrs. Hikkup. The name had long since ceased to amuse the family, for the owner's presence in the kitchen at Combe Down was a token of domestic upheaval. Fay offered, while her mother was absent, to confer with Mrs. Hikkup on the subject of dinner that night, and more or less to tell her how to cook it.

"I can do anything I am told," Mrs. Hikkup would say with colossal confidence, though the statement was quite untrue. However, thank goodness, there she was,—an honest, good-natured body, entirely without a sense of method, but able to roast and boil, if she could do nothing else.

This afternoon Fay had been helping her to prepare a savoury, had also been tidying cupboards, and noting with despair how much was missing or broken. There seemed so few saucepans, and those that remained were *minus* their lids. Saucepan lids always disappeared at once, and what became of them was a mystery that quite interested Fay. She imagined there must be some obscure and remote region where saucepan lids retired to die, as in the case of elephants—a place that had never yet been discovered. Milk jugs, too, were scarce—everything in the way of crockery was badly chipped or cracked. A new dinner service was an absolute necessity.

Fay sighed as she sat by the dining-room fire and turned over the pages of the cookery book, which, like books on gardening, omitted all details that would be most useful to one ignorant of the art. "Take a cupful of cream—a cupful of breadcrumbs—a cupful of this, that, and the other." What cup? A coffee, breakfast, or tea-cup?—and of what use in a small household were recipes that bade the cook "take" a pound of good puff paste, or a gill of good white sauce as part of some

dish?—two things notoriously difficult to achieve. It was not as if you could buy good white sauce and puff paste as you would sugar and flour!

She threw down the book, and leaned back in her chair. Outside it was foggy, bitterly cold, dark and raw. People stumped along the pavement as though their feet and boots were made of wood. The opposite houses were barely visible in the gloom, and yet it was only four o'clock! In India now there was brilliant sunshine, everybody was out of doors in the light and air and warmth. In India nobody had to think of sitting in the dining-room to save fires in the other rooms. There were no Mrs. Hikkups, or violent cooks, or unwilling parlor-maids. Fay found she was forgetting all unpleasant episodes to remember only the joys of life in India; yet, if the situation were reversed, she felt sure the worries of existence in England would remain in her mind to the exclusion of all other recollections—there *were* no nice things to remember, speaking from her own experience!

This last year had been a species of nightmare to Fay—the winter so cold, so cheerless, so unsettled. Her mother harassed by housekeeping difficulties that were so new to the poor lady. The ending of Isabel's engagement to Captain Mickleham, who had behaved abominably and married Miss van Bart. Marion snatching at every straw of gaiety that floated within her reach. Their father quiet, resigned, yet no martyr. Fay knew that he was too game to repine. . . . Then the spring, windy and wet and callous, when everybody seemed out of sorts and small ailments were rife—chills, indigestion, liver attacks. At least in India, thought Fay with savage impatience, people were either quite well or dead! The summer had been pleasanter, but even so it was what is called "no summer," constant ra'n, un-

seasonable temperature, the hay spoiled, the fruit crop ruined, the harvest a failure, grumbling everywhere. Autumn she enjoyed; they managed to let the house for a month by a lucky chance, and all went away with the Bullens to Cornwall, to a little place where clothes did not matter, and there was deep sea fishing, and a colony of friendly people, who attracted the contempt and derision of Marion and Isabel. Now here was the winter again, the horrible, dark, devastating winter, when misfortunes seemed to collect in clouds and illness was not to be resisted, and one could almost wish to be bedridden in order to secure warmth and peace. . . .

Fay rose and went to the window. The dining-room was in the front of the house, and she gazed with disgust at the little patch of garden with iron railings and sodden, empty flower beds, and a few dismal shrubs. How cold the people looked who hurried along the asphalt pavement! The fog was deepening, frost prevented it rising, black, cruel, invisible frost. . . . Shadowy figures passed and repassed, footsteps beat in monotonous repetition, sometimes there was silence for the space of a minute or more, and then stamp, stamp, again at the end of the road, growing louder till it passed the house, echoing away faintly into the fog. Fay found herself counting the paces that were passing now, rather long, leisurely paces that paused once or twice, then to her surprise stopped at the iron gate of Combe Down, a gate that made an excruciating noise when it was opened or shut. The familiar screech set Fay's teeth on edge as usual, and also gave her the disturbing intelligence that a visitor was imminent. The man's figure that passed through the gate was not that of her father; so much was obvious despite the gloom and mist.

Two minutes later Captain Somer-

ton was announced—not, providentially, by Mrs. Hikkup, who had a habit of rushing to the front door whenever the bell sounded, but by the fairly presentable parlormaid just now "obbliging" Mrs. Fleetwood. He came into the room, and stood uncertain for a moment. The flickering firelight was rather confusing, and the fog had crept inside, blurring all outlines. He made out a girl's figure standing before him, a slim, serious creature in a black gown, whose grey eyes contrasted curiously with her dark hair and thick black lashes. He hesitated. This was neither of the two Miss Fleetwoods he had known at Pahar Tal? Then, all at once, he realized that she must be the youngest one, grown up—grown up, too, into all she had promised to be when last he saw her with her hair down her back and a babyish white hat on her head, grown up graceful and interesting and undeniably attractive; still a little aloof, but the touch of defensiveness he remembered had developed into a pretty dignity. She held out a small, cool hand, supple and soft.

"Oh, how nice to see you! We didn't know you were at home," she said; and added hungrily: "Have you come straight from India?"

"Not quite. I had to come home unexpectedly. My brother died. Directly I arrived I went to my sister-in-law, and I've been there ever since—for the last month."

She observed then that he wore very dark clothes and a black tie. "I am so sorry!" she murmured.

"There was an awful lot to settle up and see to," he went on. "I'm up in London on business now, and I must go back to the country to-morrow till just before I sail again. I could only get three months' leave."

She indicated one of the armchairs on either side of the fireplace. "Do sit down. You don't mind being in

the dining-room? The fire isn't lighted in the drawing-room yet. Everybody is out except me, but some of them ought to be back soon."

"Where are you going to sit?"

"Here—my favorite seat." She pointed to a fat round stool on the floor by the fender; then rang the bell and bade the parlormaid draw the curtains and bring tea.

"How did you know where to find us?" she inquired.

"I met Mrs. Taylor in Victoria street this morning. She gave me the address. I hadn't seen her since I was at Pahar Tal with the Rajah, but we recognized each other at once. People who have been in India seem to change very little, I always think!"

He did not add that Mrs. Taylor's rather dubious description of the Fleetwoods' circumstances had decided him to call on them at once, though it would take a whole afternoon, and his time in London was limited. He had not forgotten their kindness and hospitality, their friendly interest in his work with the young Rajah, and because, according to Mrs. Taylor, they had "subsided into a suburb" and were "having a loathsome time," he felt far more impelled to seek them out than if they had been living in the same prosperous manner as when he had known them in India.

She looked into the fire and her grey eyes grew gloomy. "You would think Mother and Dad were altered!" she said, "especially Dad. He hates this life," she went on in an involuntary outburst of bitterness, "he hates it as much as I do, only he is old and it will kill him, and I am young so I shall survive it, I suppose!"

The sense of awkwardness that assails most Englishmen of the type of Clive Somerton when confronted with any emotion fell upon Fay's companion now and sealed his lips. Moreover, confidences always embarrass a

reserved person, however sympathetically inclined. Somerton was convinced that any words he might bring himself to utter at this moment would sound hopelessly banal, if not ridiculous. Sorry as he was for the girl, he wished she had spoken less frankly. After all, he had not been a very intimate friend of the Fleetwoods. There were lots of people in India he knew far better, yet he was aware that in some unaccountable way the thought of this family had never been very far from his mind. He began to search mentally for the reason, then interrupted himself, for Fay still sat gazing moodily into the fire, and it behoved him to make some acknowledgment of what she had said to him.

"You don't like being at home, then?" he asked lamely, and with an effort.

"How could anybody like it who lived as we did in India, and who have to live as we do at home?"

She turned her head and looked at him earnestly. Crouched there on the stool in the glow of the firelight, her grey eyes in strong relief below the black brows and soft cloud of hair, he thought she resembled a pastel sketch, delicately tinted, as if rough handling would instantly blur and destroy the effect. Again he recalled Mrs. Taylor's tattle. Doubtless the Fleetwoods had sufficient to keep them in ordinary physical comfort, but, by Jove! there could be precious little margin for pleasure or luxury!

"And how about your sisters?" he asked tentatively, feeling curious to hear how these two superior young people accepted such conditions.

"Oh! they grumble," said Fay with an affectionate laugh, "but, on the whole, I don't think they have such a bad time. People are very nice to them, and they go about a good deal, and they have a rich friend."

She meant Mrs. de Wick, but of

course he assumed the rich friend to be a man. "And you?—have you a rich friend too?" he asked in chaff. Then straightway wondered why on earth he should hope in his heart that she went nowhere and knew no one! What could have come over him? The fog must surely have affected his brain. . . .

With men of natural, wholesome tendency the instinct of sex jealousy will oust all finer considerations; but Somerton was far from realizing the cause of the selfish humor that suddenly beset him. His indignation would no doubt have been fierce had any one accused him at the moment of wishing Fay Fleetwood to enjoy no pleasure that he could not give her himself—more especially pleasure she might owe to some other man!

"I?" she said dreamily, looking again into the fire. "Oh! I don't want to go to parties and dances and skating rinks particularly. I expect for girls who like that sort of thing it's lovely, but personally I'd exchange it all for just one sight of the dawn on the Himalayas, or even, I really believe, for a sniff of the bazaar! I suppose that sounds dreadful, but it would mean that I was back in India!"

He heard the suppressed sob in her voice, and there slid into his mind the memory of when he had found her reading a green book in the drawing-room at Pahar Tal; of how she had spoken to him then, shyly, of her passion for India, how he had wondered what the future would bring the child, infected as she was with the country's magic spell.

"I know," he said gently, "I can understand. I want to get back there myself."

"And you are going very soon," she said enviously.

"Yes. My sister-in-law wanted me to stay at home altogether and look after the place, but I couldn't give up

my freedom and my profession, and live on her generosity. We almost had a row about it. But I think we've come to an amicable settlement. The place belongs to me now, and she's to live in it rent free and keep it up in return."

"Then you won't come home again for years?"

"Yes, I shall be in England this next summer on duty. The Rajah's coming home, and I'm to look after him."

"What—Rotah? Just fancy! Of course, he was always so keen on coming to England, I remember. How has he been getting on all this time?"

"The child died, you know, and then Rotah got restless and unsettled—the women led him such a life. So we sent him off to College, where he's doing remarkably well. I always knew that boy had grit in him. I believe when he comes of age and takes the reins into his own hands he'll be a model Indian prince! It's a pity his State is a comparatively small one and of no great importance. He might be a shining light among the big native rulers."

Fay remembered the moment on the fort walls when Rotah had stammered out his promise to her that he would do his utmost by his people. She saw him again in the light of the afternoon sun, the warm brown face and liquid eyes, the white turban folded low on his forehead, the sensitive boyish mouth and snowy teeth. She hoped with fervor that his rule would be just and humane—that he would consider his responsibilities before his personal inclinations. She knew she had done her little best to urge him in the right direction. It might be that her influence, though so remote and indirect, would work towards the fulfilment of all Rotah's high resolves. The idea kindled her spirit.

"And the Rani?" she asked. "Is she coming to England with him?"

"I expect she will, but I hope and trust her old mother will stay in India. Oh! that old woman!" he lifted his shoulders significantly. "So few people in England realize what a power for good or evil the women of India hold in their little brown hands!"

There came a silence. In this narrow room, the door and windows tightly closed against the cold and darkness outside, the man and girl were deep in remembrance of that vast old country steeped in sun, a country in some ways so terrible yet so alluring, where the happiest days of both their lives, so far, had been passed.

"Sometimes we have letters from old Gunga," said Fay presently. "He says his wife is most kind to Akbar who has grown very fat! Gunga doesn't mean to go into service again since we are never coming back. He seems to think that will be a great comfort to us, poor old dear! Oh! how we do miss our Indian servants!" she added regretfully. "Mother can't make up her mind which she would choose to have if she were allowed even one out of the number we had to keep in India. On Monday mornings she bewails the *dhobie*; she says her life is wasted in fighting with laundry people. When the woman who does odds and ends of dressmaking for us fails to come after solemn oaths, or keeps things for weeks and weeks she longs for the *durzey*. This morning, of course, it was the cook she regretted most bitterly because our lady left in a rage at a moment's notice. That's why Mother is not at home this afternoon, she has gone up to London to try and capture another one. She also thinks life would be so much easier if only she had a *chuprasse* to do up parcels and go messages. I have heard her say she feels she ought to go back to India to shake hands with her old servants and

apologize to them for ever having been cross about anything!"

Clive Somerton laughed. "Poor Mrs. Fleetwood! This pensioned existence in England for Anglo-Indians is a difficult question. After a lifetime of experience in one direction that has no exact parallel anywhere else in the world, the guillotine of completed service severs the past from the present completely. A new head, almost a new body, has to be grown before there can be real contentment under the new conditions. Haven't you noticed how restless Anglo-Indians are at first—some even for the rest of their lives? They often change houses and localities several times before they finally come to anchor, if ever they do. I believe one reason why they generally move from their first perch is that it doesn't always strike them what an important part neighborhood plays in English life. In India, of course, wherever you go you have friends about you or within reach, unless you are absolutely isolated in the jungle; but in England it's no use taking a house, however roomy or delightful, if you can't know your neighbors—if it's a locality given over to a different class from your own."

"And I suppose we're too apt to think of housing and feeding ourselves and our friends before all other considerations," said Fay rather ruefully.

Tea came in, the lights were turned up. They talked on, easily, intimately, for another half-hour. Then Somerton looked at the clock on the mantelpiece, and rose with an exclamation of dismay.

"I'd no idea the time was going so quickly!" he said, and held out his hand. "I shall be late for an appointment I have to keep before dinner. I'm afraid I must be off at once, Miss Fleetwood. Will you tell your people how sorry I am to have missed them? I expect I shall only be in town for a

night or two before I sail, but if I can't run down then, we shall meet again later on in the spring."

"Yes—when you come home with the Rajah. We shall look forward to seeing you."

They parted with formal friendliness; but as he stepped out into the choking fog he was uneasily conscious of a longing to turn back, of an acute desire to see the girl's face again, to touch her hand, to bid her good-bye once more. He even considered for a moment whether an excuse were possible—his gloves, his umbrella? No, he could hardly pretend he had forgotten either, for she had seen these possessions in his hands as he left the narrow hall! Then a wave of self-impatience chilled the impulse, and a sense of alarm drove him forward along the slippery way in the light of the road lamps, blurred and enfeebled by the fog. Could it be possible that he was in danger of loving this girl; he who never intended to hamper his life with the responsibilities of matrimony—who had always thought of marriage as a hindrance to the kind of existence he preferred, an existence made up of sport and congenial duty, and personal independence, free from all domestic care? To a bachelor, with his notions of enjoyment, India could be a very Paradise; to a married man it might easily become the reverse, what with anxieties about health and money and children, and the everlasting self-sacrifice that a family must needs entail.

Emphatically he insisted to himself that he refused to submit to this visitation that threatened to fall upon him—much as though it were some tiresome malady to be checked, or staved off at all hazards, that it might not interfere with plans and arrangements.

All the way to the station he argued fiercely in his brain. He felt it was

like struggling in a dream to gain one's own ends—much mental clamour with no relief; and the horrible fog, the cold and the gloom strengthened the simile. In his present circumstances he was free to spend his leave and his money just as he pleased—trips into the Himalayas after ibex, gooral, musk deer, after heads and horns of all descriptions; tiger-shoots in Nepal, the Terai, the Dhoon, expeditions such as his soul adored, in search of big game; he glowed at the thought of it all. And yet now it was leavened by the haunting memory of blue-grey eyes, shaded with dark lashes, a pale, clean-cut little face, and a slender, almost boyish figure. Then all at once he knew that the image of Fay Fleetwood had set itself up in the background of his mind and heart from the moment of his watching her drive away from Rotah's palace as little more than a child in her father's carriage, some two years ago!

The revelation amazed him. He felt a detached wonder, a species of astonished curiosity towards his own mental condition. Who had ever heard of a fellow realizing that he was more or less in love, yet being angrily unwilling to admit the fact or to go further in the matter? By the time he was seated in the train his resolve was made—he would not risk further upheaval and disturbance of his peace by a second visit to the Fleetwoods before he sailed again for India. Perhaps now that he was alive to his danger he might succeed in stifling the tender attraction he felt for the girl, or, in the meantime, she might marry some one else. Perhaps she was already engaged. If not, when he came back, he would see. Yes, he would see. But then, he thought with perverse pessimism, if he did propose probably she would refuse him, or, worse still, she might marry him just as a means

of returning to India, since her fancy for the country seemed to dominate all her inclinations!

The Times.

He felt it to be an altogether exasperating, unnecessary state of affairs.

(To be continued)

GLIMPSES OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

I fancy there are not many now alive, beyond relatives, who have known that noble, interesting, even grand, character, Thomas Carlyle; none certainly of the official circle who sat at his feet and admired—save myself. Dickens, Browning, Forster ("Fuz" or "Fooster," as T. C. would call him), Elwin (the Rev. Whitwell, sometime Editor of the *Quarterly*), Froude—all these have gone into the *Everigkeit*, I suppose twenty or thirty years ago. And yet I, who was "on the fringe" merely, can furnish the most vivid photographic impression of this brave and truly great man: the greatest, I believe, in the whole group, exceeding even Dickens himself.

I suppose, if ever anyone successfully assumed the attitude of *sage*, or was conceded it more universally, it was that Wise Man of Chelsea. The slow walk, his rude, unaffected attire—ever suggesting the rugged Highlandman—the wonderful natural felt hat, all contributed. It was a fine dramatic figure. Strange to say, there was a sort of double to be seen ranging the neighboring streets. "Sir," I ventured to say to him once, "I think I crossed you lately nigh Bond Street." "No, no, ye didna. That were my brither—he not unlike me." And so it was. This "brither," Dr. John, wore the same pattern of hat, and carried a rough, ragged beard, and walked along grimly—quite like him. It struck me, as I remember now, that there was something *aigre* in his speech, as though he were not half pleased at this Dromiolike mistake; perhaps he thought no one *ought* to take his "brither" for him.

The greatest, most valuable appreciation of Carlyle comes not from his own country, but from Germany; not since his death, but before he had won his fame; not from the professional critic, but from the greatest writer of his time, from no less a man than Goethe—the Geheimrath Goethe. He certified for him, when he was merely a poor unrecognized author. I fancy very few, if any, have hitherto properly appreciated the significance, the immense hidden meaning of the extraordinary compliment paid by so great a being as Goethe to a struggling Scotch husbandman's son, who had taught himself German, translated writings of Goethe himself and others, and had actually written a very tolerable biography of Schiller. The great man, wonderful to say, had pierced through all the bandages and wrappings of a low condition of life, and actually discovered the jewel hidden under the Scottish clod's dunghills, and instantly recognized and welcomed the true worth of the great genius, undiscovered then by any in the poor drudge's own land. We should bear in mind all that stood in the way of recognition—the distance, the slow communications, the general worship, flatteries, &c., of the great man who was accustomed to state and rank. What spell or charm had he to cast over the author of *Faust*? But he captured him. Goethe, all but fascinated, directed Carlyle's little biography to be translated; he prefixed a fine introduction of his own; he insisted on his correspondent sending over pictures of Craigenputtock and other places, which he had carefully engraved as being

valuable to him, the shrine, as it were, of a true man of genius. He sent him cordial letters, and made up boxes of presents—books and medals, condescending even to ask for a lock of Mrs. Carlyle's hair! Wonderful! The more we think over this singular episode, the more firm is the conviction, that here is the truest, most genuine compliment an English writer has ever received.

Here is the title page of this most significant little book:—

THOMAS CARLYLE

LEBEN SCHILLERS

aus dem Englischen eingeleitet

DURCH

GOETHE

FRANKFURT AM MAIN, 1830.

VERLAG VON HEINRICH

WILZANS.

The eager and earnest Goethe supplied a preface of his own, with an introduction of over twenty-five pages, in which were introduced the Carlyle letters, and where he also speaks of him as *unser freund*. He seemed to take a sort of pride in him, and a genuine enthusiasm. There could be no feeling of being flattered by the praises of a humble adviser: with him that was a drug in the market. His admiration even extended to his admirer's wife. This work is a rarity.

There is many a young enthusiast, at this moment, who, aflame with literary admiration, sits down and writes to his idol of the moment a sort of rapturous, admiring screed. In most cases he will receive an encouraging reply. Being enchanted by perusal of *The French Revolution*, I once wrote to its author an admiring, almost ecstatic tribute, together with what I fancied was a rare French pamphlet.

To my surprise came this kindly and truly amiable and indulgent reply:—

"I am much obliged by your goodness to me. If the French pamphlet is of any value to you, as I suppose likely, please do not send it hitherto. I could get little or no good of it, except what is already got, what is implied in your kind offer of it. You mistake much if you consider me blind to the beautiful natural faculties and capabilities of the Irish character, or other than a loving friend to Ireland (from a very old date now), though I may have my own notions as to what would be real friendship to Ireland and what would be only sham friendship.

"Believe me, Yours,

"With many thanks and wishes,

"*T. Carlyle.*"

I could always understand that Irish friend of Johnson's, and his rapturous devotion when I came to see Carlyle. Of all living men at that time you felt: "Here is a really *great* one," and this owing to his complete lack of affectation, and his ever saying, like his brother sage, what he thought. This Irish Doctor used to call out "Och! sure I'd like to *give him half my sleep!*" a truly original testimonial; or, "I'd go down on my bare knees every night and black his shoes!" Is there anyone now "worth while attending to at all" after such tributes as these? No; surely we are all mediocre together—an age of mediocrity.

All familiar with Carlyle's letters will recall his vehemently expressed detestation of those who suggested his sitting to them for his portrait. He would spurn the idea with his most contemptuous expressions. Not many weeks before his death I had begun to entertain myself by modelling—or striving to model—his noble head, partly from recollection, partly from a photograph. It occurred to me: "What if I ask him to let me bring with me my apparatus, clay, &c., and try to do my best with him in this direction?" To my literal amazement, his niece, Mary Carlyle Aitken—then in careful

charge of him—wrote to me saying that her uncle would be pleased to sit! How gracious this was of him and how good natured! I was friend to "Fooster," Boz and the "set." I can call up the whole scene of that notable day: the quaint old house for background, the panelled walls, the cab laden with clay, my trusty man carrying up the sacred head in its moist wrappings; I following the whole, rather tremulous, as the procession entered the solemn chamber. Here was the grim sage, waiting—solemn and expectant—the excellent niece standing watchful. He greeted me in kindly fashion. Alas! that day must be at least thirty years ago, so it is much faded out; sad, too, to think that I was but indifferently skilled at the time to make profit of so precious an opportunity. What was worse, I felt a shyness in dealing boldly with the clay for fear of losing such likeness as I had got.

I see him now, wrapped in his Scotch plaid by the fire, and clearly in some sort of anticipation. About ten years later I was in the house, then become the museum, and was called upon to fix the room, but could not recall it. I fancy it was his bedroom.

At first he disposed himself with a sort of alacrity.

"Noo, of course I may talk freely?"

"Well," I said doubtfully, "I really—"

"Oh, I may talk—and smoke too."

His niece, who seemed to supervise, supported my hesitation, but I, interposed, and so set to work. I forget now the many things he touched upon—mostly "poor Fooster—trew honest fellow!—Dickens—a noble hairt—both long since dead." I recall the actual words of one question put with a shrewd, sarcastic tone: "What d'ye hear noo of our *Jew Premier*?"

Finally, after about an hour's stay—for I would not trespass—I gathered

up my tools, apparatus, &c., and took my way thence, much marvelling at my own assurance. The work, such as it is, has found a refuge in Chelsea Town Hall. It represents him in the notorious felt hat and shawl. I fervently begged of his niece to give me, as a souvenir of this meeting, one of his precious churchwardens, and she was good enough to say she would send it on; but it never reached me—not a surprising thing as it was a ticklish, impossible thing to pack, being so brittle.

His friend, Forster dear, was not one of those niggard monopolists, who jealously keep their great literary friends in a preserve to themselves, as though in dread of impairing their own influence. He was ever large-hearted and generous in this direction. You constantly heard him: "My dear friend, you must know Dickens," or "You shall meet Carlyle." With Forster to announce or engage for a thing, to say "shall" or "must," and it was as good as done.

Indeed, it is difficult to think of Carlyle or appreciate him without calling up the image of John Forster, who was really almost as much his invaluable ally and assistant as he was of Boz. In both cases, wherever, whenever, there was a difficulty or a troublesome business Forster came and settled it—settled it successfully. They both "consulted Forster," as their confidential and certain friend. Forster's life, on account of these relations with so many important persons, would be well worth doing. I myself have written a small volume in this direction—put forth as "by one of his friends"—but it deals rather with him as a high comedy or humorous character, which he certainly was.¹ It may be assumed as a certainty that he did all

¹ That clever lady who used to write as "George Paston" was, some years ago, very eager to write a full and personal life of him, and consulted me on the matter.

manner of good offices and kindly, useful things for Carlyle which we shall never hear of. One of the witnesses to Carlyle's will was Hares, or Haires, Forster's own butler at Palace Gate House, the same who, on his master's death, quaintly informed me what was the real cause of his death. "Fact was, sir, he had no *stamener*."

I can recall meetings with the great man of a quite unofficial kind. Here was a quartette: Forster, Dickens, Thomas Carlyle and myself! That was a privilege, indeed! And a delightful meeting it was. I recall Boz "playing round" the sage as Garrick did round Johnson—affectionately and in high good humor and wit, and, I could well see, much pleasing the old lion. It was pleasing to see him after dinner smoking away in his rough garments, for he was privileged to dress as he would. And it will be asked, what did I in that *galère*? How did I get there and into such company? Well, simply by no merit of my own, but by favor and owing to the unwearied kindness of my host. I may be absolved from an appearance of egotism or vanity if I quote the following, which will explain how it came about, and which is really typical of the hundreds of good offices which "Fuz" was ever doing:—

"Thank the young ladies for me, and say all the kindest and prettiest things you can for me. I only wish I could say them for myself. Because in this particular I doubt you.

"I will be very angry with you (really angry and discontented every way) if you do not teach yourself, before you next cross the Channel, to regard this house as in some sort a second 'roof-tree'—and if you do not come here as a matter of course, and without any nonsense or botheration, very frequently indeed. That is, as long as it may be pleasant to you to do so—and not to refuse a genuine pleasure to me.

"On this head I will not say more than that I have a real regard for you,

and that you have no surer way of making me happy and obliged than by coming to see me. Do you know what Wallenstein said of Max—

"'For oh! he stood beside me like my youth.'

"But don't forget my opening injunction."

Later I recall being bidden to a sort of banquet at Palace Gate. The sage always made an exception in favor of "the good Forster," as distinguished from common lion-hunters, and by special favor would consent to dine and be exhibited to a few. On this occasion "the table was full"; and we had a notable gathering: The Brownings, father and son, Robert Lytton, Elwin the Editor, who was in obstreperous spirits and told humorously to the whole table an account of his drive with a madman on that very day. This was, in truth, a reconciliation dinner, for the once eternally beloved Browning. "My dear friend," used Forster to say to me, "you *should* come to dine on Sunday, but know *that* is *consecrated* to Browning—nothing interferes with that Sunday dinner. 'Tis sacred. It has gone on for years."

As the cynic might expect or prophesy—delight so violent would lead as of course to "violent ending." One day the news went round of a sad altercation between the two old friends at a dinner party, when it seems Forster sneered at his friend's "snob-bish" praises of a titled friend of his, on which came the answer "that he would throw this decanter, &c.," if the speech was repeated. With difficulty and great exertion the thing was made up, and this dinner was a result. Alas! towards the close I actually heard our host somewhat scornfully gibing at his friend, and saw the latter, with great effort, biting his lips and striving hard to restrain himself. A year or so later the poet said to me, "Seen Forster? O, I never see him now."

Forster was a most "tempestuous"

man—a perfect Berserker; yet with Carlyle it was wonderful to see how gentle, how devotional almost, he could be; treating him like some altogether “superman,” to use the jargon of our time, attuning his voice to the lowest, sweetest accents, anticipating his every wish, and striving to show gratitude for the condescension of a visit or an accepted dinner. I well recall how the host, in a very delicate way, showed how much he wished to please his guest. After dinner, when the ladies had gone, there was the usual little flourish about “Mr. Carlyle’s churchwarden and tobacco,” which had been sent out for to a special tobacconist, brought in and laid before him with much formality, we all looking on reverently as he filled the bowl and lit. We looked again as he drew his first inhalation; and a very old-fashioned, and not unpicturesque, figure he presented, sunk in armchair by the fire, with the yard-long clay in his fingers. I and Robert Lytton, thinking there was now a general license, drew forth our cigars and lit up. But we presently heard our host calling from the top of the table in friendly rebuke: “My dear Robert Lytton and Percy, this is all very well, but Mr. Carlyle is one thing—you are another. Anything he pleases to do here he is welcome to do, and I am proud that he does it. He may smoke, but I have not given the privilege to others at this table of mine. You have both taken it on yourselves, without consulting me at all. Well, well, what’s done is done. So I suppose you must go on.” We, of course, were penitent, but perfectly understood for whom the speech was really intended. And the great Thomas chuckled hoarsely to himself, enjoying his friend’s humor. This illustrates what now seems a singular social restraint—the law against smoking after dinner.

There was something highly musical or melodious in Carlyle’s voice which it

was delightful to listen to—a sort of chanting or monotone, very rich, rising and falling. The laugh, or “chuckle” was hardly so pleasant, having something bitter and scoffing, a sort of “gibing,” as it were.

The dinner was a pleasant one. Our host had the art, from long practice, of keeping all “in movement,” and rather skilfully drew out his great friend without unduly pressing him. It was after the ladies had gone that my turn came rather unexpectedly in the shape of a regular bear’s hug, much as Bozzy got shaken and mauled at his first presentation to his sage. The Irish Church was being abolished, and the sage declaimed rather vehemently on the topic; but, to our surprise, condemned it as “puir foolish, hasty thing.” He spoke in a very interesting way, deploring the loss of the local clergyman who, he protested, “had a *vara ceovalizin*’ influence on the native.” He then spoke of the various agitations, repeal of the Union, &c. But when I incautiously ventured to half-laughingly say: “There you have, at least, the logical solution—departure,” a perfect *coup de théâtre* followed—*coup de foudre* rather. With a look of fury and in hoarse tones he roared out, “*We’ll foost out every one of yer thraets first.*” Shall I ever forget the delighted roar of enjoyment that burst from the listeners! They were enchanted, as they told me later—were all infinitely obliged to me for “poking up the old Lion,” and I had done so effectively. I forget what reply I made, but I saw that “the old Lion” enjoyed the situation and the general applause.

In the drawing-room I was standing apart—perhaps looking a little rueful after my castigation—when I heard the chime of his fine voice at my ear: “Well, tell me now,” he said gently, “and how goes on your account of that wratched creature, Dodd, the forger

pairson? Jest tell me all about him." And he entered into the matter with apparent or real interest. Here was his little *amende* for the rough-and-tumble onset below. How amiable of him! It reminded me irresistibly of the scene in Boswell's book, of Johnson's rude setting down of Goldy, and of his coming up to him later in the night with some soothing words. "It is much, sir, from you that I can take ill!" I might have replied with Goldy.

I recall yet another interesting night at this same Palace Gate House, where an unbounded hospitality seemed ever to reign. The kindly John had asked me and my two sisters, well-trained musicians, to dine and meet the sage. It was a large party—Mrs. Lehmanns, *née* Chambers (of Edinburgh) and some more. By a rare stroke I found myself beside the great man, but discovered, rather to my surprise, that he did not encourage talk, being otherwise busy. And the cue was not to disturb him. But at times I would hear him breaking into an odd *sotto voce* comment—as if to himself—on any statement that caught his ear, as when some Bishop's or Archbishop's proceedings or speeches were mentioned: "Ach! the puir auld dotard!" followed by a sort of ferocious chuckle. This was really very funny, and the drollery was that almost everyone alluded to was invariably described as "a wratched auld dodderin' fule." As he spoke his words were literally addressed to his *plate*! The cue, however, was to leave him entirely alone.

He had a passion for all national airs—notably for his own, also relishing the Irish—above all, the *Marseillaise*, *Ca ira*, and the like. My sisters knew many of these lilts, as did the Scotch lady, so we were likely to have a "field night." My youngest sister, who had a well-trained voice, knew what was expected, and came prepared with

her stock of "Irish melodies"—*Meeting of Waters*, and the rest—with others of a more florid cast. I had warned her that the way to the sage's heart was not by "show off" paths, but by appealing to his sympathies; but this advice was not followed. At the close there came a long-sustained chuckling, with a sort of private commentary, addressed half to himself, though not to the singer: "Ach! the puir Tammy—puir little Tammy Moore!"—this over again several times. "Puir Tammy! 'call my spirit from this troubled world.' Likely he'd go! Hech! hech!" It would be hard to give an idea of the profound dramatic *contempt* conveyed in these words. It seemed to say: "That trumpery tatter of a creature!" To me I confess they seemed convincing, and the "puir Tammy's" reputation was demolished on the spot. "Ach! but then Rabble Burens!" he broke out again in a deeply admiring fit, adding a clever criticism contrasting the two Bards. He graciously and good-naturedly *tried* to admire, as one song of "puir Tammy's" came after the other. "Ach! yes, that's pratty well—but not much. Somehow it does not reach the hairt. Ah! the puir Tammy! hech! hech! hech! wi' his Bulbuls and Bendemeer streams. Hech! hech!"

Then came the turn of the Scottish lady, who was well fitted for her duty, having a genuine national spirit, and putting much native feeling into her songs. Of course she captured the sage, and furnished song after song to his delight and approbation. But when the elder sister, ever a thoughtful, capable person, found herself at the piano, playing snatches of the melodies, straying through the minstrelsy, touching a few snatches here, a few there, hither and thither, by a happy chance the sage called out, "D'ye ken *Coulin*?" Her answer was to strike up at once in soft appealing chords, and with due feeling

and passion, "The last glimpse of Erin!" The spell wrought at once: he was enchanted! He listened without a word of interruption till the close. Some other things were tried, but he broke out, "Ach! play *Coulin* again!" and after an interval was heard yet once again to order, "Play *Coulin* again!" For long after in our family that became a pleasant catchword: *Play Coulin again!* calling up at once that interesting night, and the ever pleasant and original sage himself. It proved to me it was an old friend and favorite of his, which he could "growl" now and then in his own fashion.

This little incident appears to me to offer a pleasant and dramatic scene. There was the great sage, rough and rude, but trying to be gracious and encouraging—in fact, in high good humor. Here also was the tremendous host—another habitual despot—John Forster *lui-même*, who, when he chose, could be gentle; his ever-amiable, much-suffering dame. And then the three competing ladies.

Carlyle's truly pathetic and yet highly humorous sketches of Irving "of the tongues" seems linked to me now by a family tradition. My good mother used to describe a scene on some Scottish steamer when she and her husband were touring it on the Lakes. The Prophet was the cynosure of all, and she would tell how my father, a politician and M. P., brought her to him, when he solemnly blessed her, I think, or went through some rite. Other ladies were proud to be saluted by him, in addition. His style, after her account, was certainly captivating enough. I think I may have told him this.

At last it came about that the faithful, ever-useful Forster, who had busied himself all his life with other folks' business, who had arranged for their marriages, births, deaths, funerals, &c., in the most efficient man-

ner, himself came to die, in February, 1876. I attended, on one bleak morning, to see him to his last home. I cannot recall very distinctly who was there on that chilly morning. In J. F.'s stately drawing-room, where he had received many an important personage before "going down to dinner," there was now a meagre half-dozen, of whom two were business folk. Here, however, was a mournful-looking, semi-monastic figure, James Antony Froude, little recking at the moment what storms, and troubles, and miseries even, were awaiting him a few years hence, on the score of Thomas of Chelsea and his dame. There were also the Lyttons, who were "legatees" under the will.

When Dickens died he left to Forster in his honest, manly will, a valuable memorial, his gold watch, chain, and seals, which he himself had carried so long, heralding the bequest with the happy words: "To my trusty friend, John Forster." Nothing could be more appropriate, for to all his friends was John Forster "trusty." When Forster died, it was found that he had bequeathed this watch and chain to his also "trusty" friend, Thomas Carlyle. So thus had the little monitor been carried by no less than three distinguished men of letters. It might have been worthily preserved, duly shown and cherished for such memories. But this was not to be. Carlyle, it seems, had handed it over to his niece, she tells us, to do what she willed with it. In February, 1876, the very month and year in which the good Forster died, Mrs. Mary Carlyle Aitken tells us, "My uncle gave me the watch, &c., which had belonged to Charles Dickens. I gave away the watch, the seals, and the chain in my uncle's lifetime, without asking his permission." Had his permission been asked, would he have shown this indifference or the contrary? An interesting speculation.

But a solution is readily found, and it even does credit to the sage's delicately sensitive heart. He had his *own watch*, a faithful companion, which he had carried for innumerable years, which he cherished affectionately, as though it had been one of his own loved kindred at Scotsbrig. It was doing its duty still, and would until his end. Why should he admit a rival? This

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he had no notion of leaving locked up in drawer unwound, doing no duty in living a sham life. So he gave it away. Here is a typical illustration of the way in which trivial things were turned and twisted to Carlyle's prejudice. Had it come under Froude's ken, he would have taken a jaundiced view of the matter.

Percy FitzGerald.

AUDACIA.

BY SIR J. H. VOXALL, M.P.

When I consider the behavior of Audacia Faithorne I the more admire Mrs. Mary Home. "I am married," Mrs. Home informed Mr. *Spectator* by letter, "and have no concern but to please the man I love. He is the end of every care I have. He is almost the end of my devotions. Half my prayers are for his happiness. I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with pleasure and emotion." After two centuries there still are foolish, happy wives like that; for instance, Marian, spouse to my neighbor Coelebs, at The Laurels.

Audacia Faithorne would snort at that letter, and in a most disconcerting way. Audacia is Faithorne's daughter: it was she who committed arson upon the Heath; Faithorne is glad, now, or so he tells me, that his wife her mother is dead. We cannot complain of not being warned of the coming of the Audacias, however; twenty years back a woman writing under the name of a man told us that men "have overlooked the eternal wildness, the untamed primitive savage temperament, that lurk in the mildest, best women," and more than fifty years ago Sir Austen Feverel is reported to have said that "woman will be the last thing civilized by man." I confess that until lately I had

thought it man who had been civilized by woman.

But perceive Audacia running away from the fire, with difficulty, because of her foolish hobble-skirt and her prison of long, strait corset; observe her deliberately doing an act of crime, and then shirking the penalty in a most unsportsmanlike way. She had taken out no policy on the Heath Pavilion, she would draw no insurance money; which shows her lack of what is called the business instinct, as well as something else. "Revolt" she calls her behavior; all Vallambrosa Gardens, N. W., calls it revolting; Miss Virginia and her sister Josepha at The Nest cannot find adequate words in which to express their opinion of "such unladylike behavior, my dear!" It seems that the policeman caught Audacia fire-raising at three-fifteen in the morning—a pretty time for a girl to be out of her bed, on the Heath, in the dark!

Faithorne says he can't control her, and doesn't know any man who could. The constable says that he caught Audacia hothanded; but she tergiversated in a way no blessed martyr would ever have condescended to do.

"What are you doing here?" X. 91 inquired; "I've come to see the fire," she answered. Then she laughed; the

Audacias always laugh. "I said, 'You will have to come to the police-station with me'; and she replied 'All right... *Don't touch me!*'" The Audacias are always as chary as "the chaste beams of the watery moon"; this girl could fire a Pavillon, but scorns to allume a man. It appears that she had with her a saw, a hammer, a bundle of tow which smelled of paraffin, and three pieces of paper smeared with tar, all contained in a dressing-bag which smelled strongly of pitch. These things she thinks she may touch and be touched by, without being defiled.

Audacia hunger-struck, too—did ever the holy martyrs kick away their pyres? Audacia scratched the policeman's hands, Audacia insulted and assaulted the magistrate. She picked up a local directory,—all directories are heavy, it is the hyphenated and fanciful names which swell them out—and she flung it at the Magistrate's aged white head. He resembles Father Christmas, and is obviously close on eighty years old, but no matter. He might have been Audacia's great-grandfather mourning over her, he was so courteous and kind and sad, but no matter. She flung the compact, heavy book at his head, without a moment of warning. No matter. It goes without saying that she missed him; when Audacia went window-breaking all down Piccadilly she did not hit two plate-glass panes in ten. The most dangerous place when Audacia is throwing things is short leg, so to speak—a little to the rear of her left elbow. The policeman seems to have held her by the elbow only, but she called him "a filthy-minded brute."

Audacia as a parishioner of his makes the old Vicar of St. Swithin's feel very uncomfortable; I doubt if even the ascetic person in cassock and biretta who will get the living pres-

ently will be able to keep the girl in bounds. She still goes to church, however; perhaps women will always do that.

Hours come in every woman's life when she feels she *must* passionately worship, *must* feel the comforting prostration of prayer. The golden mysteries of the Romish altars will claim woman's knees the longest, I dare say—the trembling candle-flames, the swinging fumes, and the mystic cell-bacy of the ministrants. These affect the bodily emotions which she otherwise holds in check.

But if ever the courageous and copiously expressive She whom Mr. Wells, Mr. Zangwill, and others of our moralist writers delight to encourage slips the anchor of religious faith, truly I do not know what else shall hold her, what shore she will drive to, or what mooring find. For she will swear by no mere man, as Marian does and Mrs. Mary Home did; she will lift no Psyche lamp to gaze with fond admiration upon the partner of her sleep. *If* she marries,—she will make as glad-eyed a widow as any;—nay, not such as the widow of Ephesus did, it is true, but a merry relic all the same, or so it seems, at present, to a sad eye.

The good old Vicar says he pities the coming corporation of men. He laments the mutiny of the monstrous regiment of new women. "Why don't they marry?" he naively demands. He reads in an old book called "Heaven our Home," and looks forward to family reunion in the sky. If home is not any longer to be the earthly heaven, he asks, how can Heaven our Home continue to be realized? If, as jewellers fear, a permanent slump in the wedding-ring trade is impending, and such a drop in the birth-rate as shall make the Registrar-General gasp, there may soon be no home our heaven nor Heaven our Home to look forward to, either at

twenty-six on earth, or at six-and-seventy in the sky.

Faithorne argued with his daughter till he developed tonsillitis: Faithorne reasons loudly. "You must leave me to find my own soul," she answered, "in my own way. You don't suppose it is the vote itself I'm so keen on? The vote only stands for the soul of my poor sex." She often mentions her soul in a non-theological way. Observe that it is a new kind of soul she is seeking after, not the old-fashioned, separable, spiritual thing that used to flee to Heaven its home. As her father says, what is the soul, after all? One's soul is the sum and totality of one's being, surely? Is it not the accumulation of all the habits and remembrances of one's life? Are we not each of us building up our souls, as Jerry Balbus did *The Laurels*? Up to the point the building has developed can't you see the soul? Did not Da Vinci, Cooper, and La Tour depict the soul?—the smile of it on the lip, and the gaze of it in the eye?

To look at Audacia you would never think it was she who wrote to the Prime Minister threatening to kidnap and do him slowly to death with red-hot hairpins. If the face, form, and mien reveal the soul, I really cannot understand Audacia writing that letter, or even throwing that book, for she is quite a charming, graceful girl to look at. One's soul is one's self—one's whole, interfused, comprehensive being, poor Faithorne used to say, before this trouble came upon him—study the face and the form, the mien and the mind, if you wish to know the soul. But what about this girl's? Long ago Newton and Kepler laid down the law of the attraction of bodies, but that is a gravitation which Audacia resists. By mutual studying of visible souls the gravitation of friendship or affection is born; the reciprocal cognizance of two souls in-

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duces joint love or liking, or lukewarm esteem. But who is Audacia's affinity, poor man?

The mutual election of two souls is generative—a thing which Audacia vows she will never be. There is a touching of perispheres, an union of perispirits, and their child is love or loving friendship: when it happened to young men and young women in the Vicar's day it was called first love—that sweet certainty of an intimate, ineffable link. In my young day souls were still thought to be separate entities; but if souls be separable, have they sex, and which is Audacia's? It was the look and smile of Marian told Coelebs what she was—his complement in petticoats, his born comrade of other shape; at sight he knew her as sympathetic with his dormant domestic qualities, she would make a pleasant, giggling, devoted little wife and housewife, he felt sure of that on sight. Dutifully she would accept his prejudices and habitudes, be married at St. Swithin's and consent to go there with him on Sundays, although she was born a daughter of the Non-conformist camp. But Audacia?—she is the total nonconformist, amazing girl.

When Audacia says she must find her own soul she means that she must discover herself to herself and to no man. Marian never had a self worth mentioning, Audacia thinks; Marian is parasitic, it seems—Audacia decides to be self-sufficiently a woman, she will live in no unholy matrimony. She means to be *une femme forte*, though the true *femmes fortes* are those whom home our heaven makes happy. Audacia. She vows herself to a barren severity, as nuns do; they do it in the name and for the love of God, but she in the name and for the glory of woman. She may break her vow—I do not know, and I am sure she does not know, quite what she is straining

after, out of the villa gate, along a new avenue, totally out of bounds. The freedom of the *garçonne*, can it be? The liberty of the *passe-partout*? Nay, not that; but she runs risks of that. It is a far cry from the harem to the forum, Audacia—it is a whole continent from the suttee to the Divorce Court, my girl; a dangerous, distant flight for wings untried.

No, it is not the *garçonne* and the *passe-partout* the Audacias are making for. "Don't touch me!" they cry instinctively—there are to be no more "little white geese" perhaps (as M. Brieux says), but the speckled ones will be no more numerous than they have been. As for night in home our heaven, woman can better live without man than man can without woman; not there lies the source of the feline acerbities the Audacias show us, like sudden unsheathed claws. Audacia's cheeky young lip would curl if she read of—

*"The woman in me crying for the man,
The mother in me crying for the child";*

but she will break down and cry before long. "You say you love me!" some Audacias answer at present. "Love me in another way, then. Or do not love me at all." Many widows

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are Audacialike—because of their failures in civilizing their late husbands, I suppose. No, it is not the *garçonne* and the *passe-partout* they rave and fumble after; it is the lonely, cold dignity of the epicene.

I will think no evil of women, however, be they Mary Homes or be they Audacias. Grant exceptions a place and phases a period, women are still and always will be what Ledyard found them to be in various climes more than a century ago. Listen, Audacia—listen to the high mark of your calling: "Among all nations they are the same, civil, kind, obliging, humane, tender beings." Shall they not all be so again?

"Timorous and modest," the panegyric went on, "more liable to err than men"—certainly when aiming missiles—"but also more virtuous, and performing more good actions. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With men it has often been otherwise."

Rave, plot, and throw directories a while, Audacia, if you must. You will revert to type, as we all have to do,—you will fall and break down, you will weep and lament and love.

LUSTRAL WATERS.

It had rained overnight, and the high winter sky was mackerel-barred with ladders of dove-colored cloud mounting with exquisite regularity of structure from the horizon to the zenith. There was no flaw in their continuity nor the slightest motion apparent in their ranks. Below them the hollow dome of the firmament enclosed a vault-like silence, an immense, Olympian calm. Pearl of the World, my mare, cast no shadow, and yet the earth seemed to

hang in a diffused, tempered sunshine, in a golden mean between the gloom of an overcast day and the brilliancy of cloudless weather. To draw breath was a luxury; to ride at a walk, sniffing the pure odors of the Central Indian forest, the very summit of wellbeing. A long spell of duty in a wheat district had whetted my appetite for this. Wheat and linseed, linseed and wheat, with never a wild tree in view for miles, these had been

my portion for five strenuous years, until the everlasting plough-land had become a weariness to the eye and the rare patches of fallow as welcome as oases in a desert. Besides this, to the District officer in India wheat spells work, for over the wheat-lands men wrangle for ever and ever, and where the King's subjects have most to fight about, there is the scantiest leisure for the King's servants who administer the law. But the long-delayed retirement of an elderly "D. I. G." had sent a ripple of transfers from end to end of the Province. Carried on the crest of that wave, I had passed from a tract where young India rode upon a bicycle and drank lemonade from an aluminum mug, to a District two-thirds of which was under virgin forest, where real bread made out of wheat was often hard to come by, and the problem of keeping the roads clear of man-eating tigers had reduced my predecessor in office to a morbid condition of fellicidal monomania. On that divine morning I had already ridden for three hours without passing a single human habitation or a ploughed field, and the novelty of this experience inspired in me an immoral satisfaction. For though to be idle on a holiday is torment, to ride on duty with no work to do, no liquor-shops or police-outposts to inspect on the way, is as sweet as stolen apples, and as rare, in these days of "Efficiency," as a fat District officer.

Therefore I was in no manner of haste to arrive at Ahrora, my journey's end. The village is the capital of an unpopular subdivision, three days' march from headquarters. On this, the third day out, I had originally intended to reach the tents before eleven o'clock, in good time for breakfast. But the joy of loitering was too delicious to forego. The magic of the morning had laid hold on me, and the beauty of the world was past all tell-

ing. We were climbing, my mare and I, through a pass in the hills which curve round the plain of Ahrora like tiers of seats in an amphitheatre. To our right was a wall of rock, but on the left of the track the hillside fell away in slopes and precipices down to a vast gulf of misty jungle, on the far side of which forest heaped upon forest rose in enormous banks to the sky-line. Green and brown and gold were the colors of the jungle, with here and there the scarlet of an early-blossoming Palas tree. The track itself was studded with star-like flowers as blue as English forget-me-nots, and with every breath one inhaled the piercing scent of wild thyme. A cairn gay with little red and white flags marked the summit of the pass. This I duly hailed as the altar of Debl-of-the-stone-heap, the guardian goddess of anxious travellers, and certainly her office here was no sinecure. For the road is perhaps the most notorious in the Province, and Debl, assisted by the forest officer with a pound of strychnine, had only recently succeeded in settling accounts with a pair of stealthy striped man-hunters, which had discovered that the Government mail-runners crossed the path daily with pleasing punctuality. Before the descent was finished I was reminded of this incident by the pug-marks of a tigress and two cubs which had preceded me in the early hours, before the ground had dried. Where the path was broken by watercourses all three had "skated" down the slippery banks, carving the mud into astonishing scrolls and arabesques. The mother had slid willy-nilly by reason of her weight, but her children, I felt sure, had tobogganed for sheer fun. My interest in the family party owned no sinister afterthought,—indeed, was almost affectionate; for though it was a fine day, I had no desire to kill anything. And the pound of strychnine

had ensured the safety of harmless travellers for long to come.

The hills gave way to grassy prairie, and the bridle-path widened to a cart-track. Far ahead of me down the road something glittered across the plain, something that moved in the direction of Ahrora, and moved very slowly. From half a mile away I judged it to be a laden pack-pony. Nearer inspection revealed a biped, and a little later the apparition took the form of an old man who limped. He travelled like a human caddis, with dingy bundles and little pots in basket-work covers slung round his body from the waist upwards, the apex of the load consisting of an empty kerosene oil-tin shining new. Even with the assistance of a tall staff he was making heavy weather of it. The veins of one calf, knotted into a tense swollen projection, were, I imagined, the chief source of his trouble, but he was very thin, the bundles appeared to contain little in the way of victuals, and his rags and wretched apologies for shoes bespoke abject, homeless poverty. The mare's nose drew level with his shoulder, and as he still seemed unconscious of my presence, I reined back a little to consider a suitable mode of attracting his attention.

There is a peculiar pleasure in doing little things properly, and in India the etiquette of addressing a stranger on the road, from behind or from a distance, is too important to be ignored by any man who has the least regard for the conventions. Briefly, in localities uncorrupted by the bad manners of large towns, the precise form of salutation is determined by the religion, caste, occupation, social position, and sex of the person addressed. Thus, there is a wide range of high-flown Arabic titles appropriate to a Mohammedan. "Maharaj" will fit an obvious Brahman; "Patel," meaning "yeoman squire," beguiles a cheerful

reply from a poor cultivator with plough on shoulder. "O thou from Jagannath-Puri" should always be cried when the presence of a palm-leaf umbrella denotes that the bearer is a pilgrim from the famous shrine in Orissa; but men and women who have come from the well of the water of life, the *amritpani*, at Bandakpur, where the temple-gongs beat in honor of the great god Mahadeo, are hailed with the mystic monosyllable "Bom!" Pat comes the countersign: "Bom, bom. Mahadeo!" from the dusty file of pilgrims who hold their heads the higher for the recognition by a stranger of their merit and the toll that went to win it. "O little old human woman!" is called, with no hint of discourtesy, to the village crone, who, being hard of hearing, elects to walk in the very middle of the roadway. When all but the sex of the wayfarer is uncertain, there are many colorless makeshifts to fall back on, such as "O person with boots!" or, as a last resort, "O goer along the road!" a form which argues contemptible lack of resource in the individual who employs it. Now, the human caddis whom I was studying was certainly a Hindu, and, as his outfit showed, a pilgrim from or to somewhere, but these facts marked the limit of my deductive powers. Accordingly leaning towards him from the saddle and using a title applicable to elderly Hindus who have adopted, from choice, an ascetic life, I said in a loud voice, "Hey Baba!"

Instant disaster followed. Startled from his torpor, the old man lurched sideways with an exclamation, tripped over his staff, and fell crashing upon his pots and bundles and kerosene oil-tin. Pearl of the World, not without excuse, flung up her head and bolted, vanishing from under me with the uncanny velocity of the fairy horse of Olsin, which "went away like a summer fly," leaving the hero sprawl-

ing in the sand. Exulting like a heifer in spring-time, with side-long unequine kicks and antics of utter abandonment, the shameless mare disappeared in a cloud of dust towards Ahrora, while her master, seated on the ground, was aware of feeble hands patting his head and shoulders, and a voice that murmured in despairing apology the names of many heathen dieties—*Ram-Ram, Sita-Ram, Mahadeo, Narayan.*

So the peace of the morning was shattered, and by the time I had convinced the old fellow that I was neither injured in body nor offended in spirit, the sun was shining from a clear sky, and the ribbed vells of cloud had melted into the infinite sether. I helped him to refasten the oil-tin (picked up, he explained, on the road, and worth two annas in Ahrora), together with various other excrescences which had broken loose in his fall. Ahrora was five straight miles to our front. Besides ourselves and a herd of antelope, petrified spectators of our mishap, there was no living creature in sight. Then I said to myself that so long as my road-fellow's conversation was entertaining, we two would trudge together, but when he ceased to interest me I would lengthen my stride and leave him to his own company. Little I dreamed that before our journey was ended the gulf of the inscrutable Hindu mind, deep and dim as the misty forest ravines below the tiger-haunted pass in the hill, that gulf into which we Westerns peer and sound in vain with foolish fathom-lines of impertinent conjecture, would be illumined for me in one brief revealing hour by the flare of a human soul in agony.

Frail, old, and also, it appeared, racked with asthma, he gasped out his replies to my questions eagerly, with frequent pauses to take breath, shaken, I supposed in mind and body, by the shock of the fall. And my interest in him quickened when his speech slipped

into a dialect familiar to me in the early years of my service. The tract where it was current lay far to the west, bordering on the Maratha country, crammed between an unfordable river and the steep sides of the Vindhyan plateau. It was on my lips to surprise him with the mention of certain villages, the naming of which, I guessed, would fall like chiming music on his ear,—Imlidol, Jhinfinni, Ron; but somewhere at the back of my brain—every magistrate and policeman knows the feeling—a warning signal sounded, and I held my tongue. My first impression had been correct. He was, he informed me, on a journey of religion, bound for the bathing-ghats of Amarkantak, "the Navel of Hind," where, shrunken to a rivulet, Nerbudda-Mother the holy trickles from the sacred hill. He would strike the northern bank at Ahrora and work up along it to the sources, washing his body in the river thrice on every day of the march, as custom and the priestly rule prescribed. Then, when he had said so much, I praised his piety and stubborn resolution, and waited to hear more. Ten years of police work sharpen a man's discernment of certain symptoms. It was pitifully obvious that this wreck of humanity was talking wastefully to gain time, fending off inquiry on my part with an uncalled-for prodigality of words, that he was nervous and ill-at-ease during the intervals of silence. Such a man in the dock or witness-box will pour out his soul to the dregs, if given time. He swings like a pendulum between two fears. Has he not said too much? Then he must lead the hunt into blind issues and confuse the trail with more talking. But he dare not pause where he intended to, for, thinks he, here or there, the narrative will seem suspiciously incomplete. In the end he falls to the truth in sheer weariness. The old

man whom I had called "Baba" had something to conceal, and when I looked at the wicker bottle-covers, frayed ragged with much rubbing at their sides, smooth as old ivory where they swung against his back and shoulders, I deduced therefrom an inference. There is but one use for these bottles, the carriage of sacred waters; they are bought and sealed for no other purpose, and never bought at second-hand. His dialect had provided a clue to a point hitherto not mentioned by him—namely, the region of his home, and thence to his present position on the map the journey by road, even for such a poor goer as he, was a matter of weeks only. But the bottles bore mute witness to an entire Odyssey of travel antecedent to this latest and surely most painful pilgrimage of all. Old men sometimes vanish down the long roads of India for other reasons than to bathe in lustral waters, and a policeman's business is the business of all the world. And yet, I own, it was no professional prompting, but rather a lazy curiosity akin to cruelty, that held me silent by the Baba's side. I had only to wait. There is a torture of silence more compelling than the pain of rods. "Andata," he continued ("giver of sustenance" is the meaning of this rare old-time title: no one had called me Andata since I had left my first district), "who would think, to look at me, that I had traversed the way of the Four Corners on foot, every *kos* of the weary round? Seven years have I been on the road, and now, to crown merit with merit, I go to bathe at Amarkantak the Centre. This achieved, I shall rest, and never wear shoes again. The sun grows hotter every day, and the nights are colder than when I was young."

Now, the pilgrimage of the Four Corners is certainly a prodigious journey, the shrines lying as far apart as

any four points in India well can be. The first is the far-famed temple of Jagannath, on the shore of the Bay of Bengal. The second is at Rameshwaram, eight hundred miles down the coast, which is the take-off of Hanuman the monkey-god's leap across the strait into Ceylon. Dwarka in Kathiawar, a round thousand miles from Rameshwaram, is the third; and thence the road leads to the glacial head-springs of the sacred Ganges in Garhwal, under the Himalayas. This is the shortest lap of the tour as reckoned from Dwarka, but yet a clear seven hundred miles. Two and a half thousand miles is the measure of the full circuit, and having accomplished it the pilgrim has still his journey home to face, bringing with him holy water from each of the four shrines. The message of the frayed basket-work was now plain. Nevertheless I had seen enough of pilgrims and their ways to know that in these days the whole round is never, in ordinary circumstances, performed on foot, when for a third-class railway fare a month of weary footwork can be shortened into a twenty-four hours' ride. Stationmasters are an indulgent race. To beg the price of a ticket is easy; it is easier still for a frail and pious palmer to sit in the train without a ticket at all. If he rejects both alternatives, the public which pays policemen to protect it has a right to ask questions. Therefore, I said nothing and waited.

The aching sunlit silence closed in upon us once more. For the bodily ear there was no sound but the old man's labored breathing, the faint creak of wicker on wicker, the thud of his staff and the shuffle of ragged foot-wear in the dust. But the mental atmosphere, which in some mysterious fashion was thickening round us two at every step, throbbed loudly with a great unspoken "Why?" I held him, held him as

surely as a fish is held on a gut line thin as thought but strong as drawn steel. The tramping seconds were wearing him down for me while I waited. And now a certain instinct of shame awoke in me, a presentiment that the curtain was about to rise on some tragedy of more than common pity and horror at which, an idle spectator, I had no right to be present.

The hurried, gasping voice resumed. Where had I heard it long ago? And why was that warning signal, more insistent than at first, ringing from some buried cell of subconscious memory?

"Andata, the men of the high snow-mountains are a god-fearing folk, stricter and more honorable than the people of the plains. In Garhwal I dropped a bag of meal on the road, and a month later, on my way down, one who had found it returned it to me unopened. Oppressors of the poor are not found there, nor thieves, nor extortioners. Even the police are helpers of the unfortunate. The courthouse and the jail stand empty—"

But I had heard enough. Clear as a lantern picture thrown on a dazzling sheet the scene of a long-forgotten trial leapt to my inward eye. The stifling Sessions-court crowded to the last inch of standing-room, the tired judge on the dais, and nodding in their chairs of honor at his side two somnolent white-clad Brahman Assessors, titleholders of the District, called in to assist the judge to a proper finding. A Brahman, too, was the accused whose life hung in the balance that day, and he was an old man with the affliction of asthma sore upon him. I was young and keen then, and my bitter disappointment at hearing an honest and apparently invincible case for the prosecution crumble under cross-examination into hopeless ruin had been an amusing memory in the after years which had brought, if not the philo-

sophic mind, at least disillusionment. "Not guilty" the Assessors had said, and bowing stiffly, cramped with long sitting, had stumbled from the Court to climb upon their elephants and depart. But they and the whole District knew the man to be a murderer, and my witnesses, of course, had been bribed and intimidated into giving the case away. Verily it is a hard thing in a Hindu province to bring a Brahman to the rope!

"Ah," said I, without turning my head, and speaking smoothly that the shock of interruption might be no crueller than need be, "you are Chintaman Rao, son of Wasdeo Brahman, sometime of Hardua, in the District of the Forty Forts. You were tried for the murder of your daughter and acquitted. Why did you kill her?"

"Sahib," he gasped, "I am that man. When you called from behind I knew your voice, and my feet stumbled for fear. This was a double folly, since the law having once acquitted me cannot hang me now, and my life, as you see, is not so sweet that I should wish to prolong it. I killed my daughter with my own hands, yet hear me, Sahib, to the end, and judge not until you have heard all.

"I was left alone when she married, but in a little while she returned to my roof a childless widow, and of such undimmed beauty that even the shaven head and squalid garments of widowhood could not serve to avert men's glances when she went abroad. Wherefor, mindful of the weakness of woman, my enemies also being watchful, I kept her in close surveillance. Heavy tasks and scanty fare were her portion, and ever I prayed that either she might quickly age and grow unlovely, or that death might overtake me before the flame of scandal should smirch the honor of my house. And yet I loved her, remembering the years when her chatter

and pretty ways of childhood had been a world of delight to me, for she was my only child.

"The Thakur of Ron had summoned me to a sacred recitation at his village, which is a near neighbor to my own. He was a pious, liberal man, a cherisher of Brahmans, and on my return to Hardua my waistband was heavy with silver and my heart at ease within me. Strangely silent and deserted seemed the village lanes that evening. It was the time of the lamp-light meal, but the doorways were dark and empty, and not a voice was raised to greet me. Only a hag of ill-repute, a paralytic who had never walked, called to me through the dusk from her threshold: 'Oho! Father-in-law of a *dhobi*!' Pass on to the pipal-tree where the village awaits thy coming.' When I heard this a dreadful thought made my head swim, and my feet reeled like a drunkard's. In that moment all the evil jests that this age of sin has coined concerning widows swarmed to remembrance in my ears. The platform under the tree before the *lambardar*'s¹ house, where the old men smoke and play *pachisi*² in the evenings, was black with people, and as I staggered up the steps, more dead than alive, I saw the village elders seated in judgment and my daughter and the *dhobi* standing in the midst. Then said Chait Singh the *lambardar*, my enemy: 'He has confessed. But question thou thy daughter Pandit-ji, for we condemn no man unheard. Make thine honor white if thou art able.' Sahib, I know not what frenzied speech I used to her, only I know that she answered not a word, and Chait Singh laughed softly. Mad with shame and fury, I caught up the heavy stone *pachisi*-table and struck her on the

head, and at the second blow she fell at my feet, dead. Was not the stone produced in court? Your witnesses swore that they could not lift it with both hands, and though the most of their evidence was rotten, this was very near the truth. But anger and despair lent the strength of demons to an old man's arms, that what was fated might come to pass.

"Four days later one came by night to the window of the under-trial cell where I lay and told me that my daughter had been guiltless. Chait Singh, my enemy, had bribed the *dhobi* to brag a lying slander through the village, and the *dhobi*, sickening to his death of plague, had revealed all. Thenceforward I cared not whether I lived or died, and on the morrow I said to the warder, who chanced to be my caste-fellow: 'Bring me to a magistrate that I may confess my crime and quickly die.'

"'Brother,' he answered, 'knowest thou how they hang a Brahman in this place?'

"'Nay,' said I, 'nor greatly care.'

"Then he said, 'Sweepers fasten his arms behind him, and a sweeper fits a rope to his neck, and by sweepers' unclean hands he is pushed alive into the pit. Death is certainly a little thing, but canst thou endure the pollution that sends a man an out-caste to the burning-ghat?'

"Sahib, the laws of the English are senseless laws, blinder and more cruel than I was when I killed my daughter. The secular guilt of murder was on my head, and for this I was ready to pay the penalty in full. A life for a life, above all when slayer and slain are of equal caste, is right and fair. But there remained the defilement of murder for which no mere hanging can atone, though how should your laws, the laws of men without a caste, know aught of this? The council of my peers, the Brahmans, the Twice-born,

¹ A washerman of unclean caste.

² Village headman.

³ A kind of draughts.

would take this matter into their own judgment. Out-caste and accursed had I become from the moment when the flat stone fell upon my daughter's head, yet in our law this injustice is not found that a man, whatever villainess have made his birthright forfeit, should be lost through all eternity. If he obey the verdict of the caste-council of five, the *panchayat*, he may win his soul again before his body dies. And I knew that so as I met a clean death my caste-fellows would cry quits between me and them, and I should perish as I had lived, a Brahman. But who are the English that they should lay eternal pollution on me in the very instant of death, adding the filthy touch of sweepers' hands to the shame and pain of hanging? The warder spoke in season. I bade my friends mortgage my house and land and hire a cunning pleader with the money. It was he who bethought him of the weight of the *pachisi*-stone. 'Is this a weapon for an old and feeble man to raise above his head?' he pleaded. And the eyes of the judge were clouded with doubt from that moment onward.

"When I was set at liberty I called a *panchayat* of five honorable men to deal with me according to the ancient Brahmanical law, with which the English have no concern. There were no pleaders in that court, Sahib, no false witnesses to darken a clear issue with a fog of lies. The *panches* met at nightfall in the tamarind grove behind your District Court-house, and pronounced sentence before the moon had risen. And this was the sentence, that I should perform the round of the Four Corners on foot, begging my victuals by the way. 'Thou wilt die before the end,' they said, 'but it is written that he who dies in the act of pilgrimage hath his salvation assured. Take thy staff, O Brahman, who art no Brahman, and begone.' So I rose up and

went, surely hoping that death would find me very soon, the season of hot winds being far advanced and my breathing a labor to me day and night. But at Jagannath-Puri I was still alive. Later, on the road south, the pilgrims died of cholera round every wayside well, but I, drinking water from these same wells, lived. The frost of the snow-mountains killed my two companions between the dusk and the dawn, yet spared me, a Brahman of the plains, to whom snow was a strange and terrible thing. True is the saying of physicians, that the asthmatic man, though he draw each breath with pain, shall live to follow the friends of his youth to their burning. So the Four Corners were accomplished and I was a clean man again, but I could not rest or go home. The travail of pilgrimage, while I knew it not, had but served to deaden a keener torment that awoke as soon as the body had found ease, the memory, I mean, of a little girl-child playing in the house which had once been mine. Hemp, they told me, is good for a grief that cannot forget, and opium for a gnawing sorrow. I smoked them both until I had nigh lost the semblance of a man, but my dreams were harder to bear than my waking hours, and I threw the pipes away. Many pitied me, but none could heal. Then one whose counsel I valued bade me wash in the river at the Centre, and offer my holy waters at the altars of Amarkantak,—'for,' said he, 'Nerbudda-Mother hath in her an assuaging comfort more than all other rivers of Hind.' Thither I go to-day, and now I have told all."

"One thing more," I said. "Those five *panches* who condemned thee to the round of the Four Corners—who were they?"

Then he named them one by one, and among them (as I anticipated) were the two Assessors who had said

"Not guilty" in the Court of the Sessions Judge.

It was high noon by now, and as we topped the last rise in the road the fenced fields of Ahrora opened out below our feet like a chess-board, like the ruled stone table on which the old men play *pachisi* in the evenings, on a platform under a pipal-tree. Beyond Ahrora, Nerbudda-Mother the holy climbed to the dark forests of Amarkantak in shining zigzag reaches, flashing like a great trout stream under a splendid sky. The air was full of quiet music, the far-off clamor of wild geese on the islands mingling, mellowed by distance, with the faint chant of cranes soaring at an immense height overhead. And at the sight of the water the old man forgot my presence and broke into a hobbling run, so that I had some difficulty in pressing on him the acceptance of so much small coin as would carry him over the last stages of his pilgrimage. Down the steep slope into the crowded bazaar he went until the glint of his oil-tin was seen no more, and I turned aside towards my tents.

The Ahrora police station-house stands high on a bluff overlooking the Nerbudda, and the duck fly up and down almost within gunshot of the building. On the morning after the old man and I had parted, the sub-inspector of police had laid out his registers in the veranda for my inspection. He was a keen young Mohammedan from the Aligarh College, and a good man with a gun in his leisure hours. Seeing my eyes wander riverwards from his immaculate pages,

Blackwood's Magazine.

he remarked that the night had been frosty, and the wild fowl in consequence were more plentiful than usual. But I was not looking at the birds. A mile or so from the village, black figures that showed no bigger than insects were clustering about some business at the extremity of a spit of sand, far out in the bed of the river. Presently they separated, and a column of smoke, light-blue against the background of sandy shore, rose vertically into the windless air. It hung there like a tree, neither waxing nor dwindling, and its shape recalled to my mind the palm-leaf umbrellas which pilgrims buy at the shrine of Jagannath-Puri, in Bengal. Moved by a sudden curiosity, I inquired the cause of the conflagration.

The sub-inspector, with a curl of the lip, explained that the pauper mendicant, my companion of the day before, had been found dead in the morning by the keepers of the public *serai*. They were burning him out yonder on the sand-spit, and would scatter his ashes into the river they called sacred. "Small wonder," he added, "if we few Moslems of this Province are tainted with Hindu superstition, for in life they outnumber us a thousand to one, and we drink their ashes when they are dead." The Government, he opined, should prohibit such pollution of the public water-supply. And he invited my attention to an entry in his register which, he ventured to suggest, had escaped my notice, for he was an efficient young officer, with little time to waste over watching the burning of a dead Hindu.

C. G. C. T.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.*

M. Rooker, in his excellent monograph on Francis Thompson, sets himself to drawing certain parallels between his subject and Blake. There is one, however, that he fails to make. Just as it is impossible to keep cool with regard to Blake, so it will become impossible to keep cool on Thompson. There will be those who will emerge from "Sister Songs," after having buffeted with its metaphors, as with a sea of billows, breathless and protesting; there will be others who will affirm that the prodigality of this expression is but commensurate with the height and gorgeousness of the vision. There is no middle way of love with him, even as there is no middle way of love with Blake—whose "Songs of Innocence" was found in his pocket, together with Aeschylus, when a timely hand was stretched to him adrift in the whirlpools of a cruel great city. And, indeed, the heart of the difference is deeper still. For, as there is only love for, or bewilderment at, the manner that dared so far in its effort to catch the shining auras of his theme, so there is no middle way with the theme itself. The poet who could so highly sing:—

I witness call the austere goddess,
Pain,
Whose mirrored image trembles where
it lies
In my confronting eyes,
If I have learned her high and solemn
scroll:—
Have I neglected her high sacrifice,
Spared my heart's children to the sacred knife,
Or turned her customary footing from
my Soul?
Yea, thou pale Ashtaroth who rul'st
my life,

* "The Works of Francis Thompson." Three Volumes. (Burns and Oates, 6s. net each volume.)

"Francis Thompson." Par K. Rooker. (Herbert and Daniel.)

Of all my offspring thou hast had the whole:

—such a poet is not likely soon to win a steadfast following where he goes down his stricken road. What M. Rooker not too happily calls "le culte de la souffrance" was sternly served by Thompson; and it is true that this did not always spring from Man's great memory of Beauty just beyond the reach of his thought, from the nostalgia this begets in those who strive to perfect that memory, so much as from a "nightmare-time" which always haunted his dreams, and from a little petulance this begot in him. Yet he did

Teach how the crucifix may be
Carven from the laurel tree;

he sang it sternly, he sometimes gave it an express ecclesiastical figure; and these are all things that will turn away more than they will invite.

It is easy to liken Francis Thompson's poetry to a cathedral. His frequent employment of dogmatical and liturgical figures makes such a reference unavoidable. Yet at the heart of it there is a similarity that is not quite so obvious, that has part of the same paradox even. For the zeal that built the cathedral at Milan was yet the same zeal as drove St. Francis to the ways of discipline. The two not only co-existed, they were part and lot of the same inspiration. So it was with Thompson. If he was content, nay, glad, that pain should prune his spirit, it did not follow that the towering wildness of his verse should be pruned in the same process. If he could bring the light of earth to a narrow focus in his own disciplined soul, it could then widen as broadly as it would on the further side in the spiritual realm. It was thus he could "learn to water joy with tears," and yet "exult, for

that thou dar'st not grieve." "The mind," says he, in the essay that found him his friends, "seems unable to appreciate the beautiful face of woman until it has learned to appreciate the more beautiful beauty of her soul." But, having seen that inner beauty, the whole outer form of things is seen to flower with its radiance; and the wildest reaches of possible or impossible verse are brought to the service of its expression. Having seen, for instance, what was for him the secret and significant beauty of a sunset, the wild glee of it, nothing can content him but he must sing:—

The butterfly sunset claps its wings.
Or of the sun in its march from east
to west:—

If with exultant tread
Thou foot the Eastern sea,
Or like a golden bee
Sting the West to angry red,
Thou dost image, thou dost follow
That King-Maker of Creation,
Who, ere Hellas hailed Apollo,
Gave thee, angel-god, thy station;
Thou art of Him a type memorial.

In an hour when the faith is gone
that could build a cathedral and make
it alert and alive with aspiration, such
figures are spoken of as decoration.
But to faith there is no decoration.
Everything is a symbol, full of significance; and this was the mood that prompted Francis Thompson's most daring imagery—even when it was least convincing, when it was most hectic and fretful.

It is only possible to know where a poet fails when it has first been understood what he intended to succeed in; and this is particularly important with regard to Thompson. M. Rooker, probably in view of the complaint that Thompson's poetry lacked powerful thought, devotes a careful, somewhat too categorical, chapter to "Ses Thèmes." But it is not a poet's thought that matters. It is his vision: a

thing independent of his intellect, which an over-busy intellect will probably obscure or impede. In the less eclectic space of a collected edition it is now possible to see the truth of this more clearly in Thompson's own work. If in the "Ode to the Setting Sun" the diction is somewhat feverish, as though the writer were not sure of expressing adequately the thing that he saw, or sought rather than affirmed it, the poem is yet saturated with his vision, and so, however one ranks it, it is stamped with his idiom; whereas in "Of Nature: Laud and Plaint" the vision is gone; the poet feels his way through the poem along the lines of cogitation and loses his title to poet thereby. That the cogitation itself should be none too satisfactory is only a small part of the trouble. The cogitation would have come right, or would not have mattered if, as was his wont, the poet had been content to see steadily.

For he, that conduit running wine of
song,

Then to himself does most belong
When he his mortal house unbars
To the importunate and thronging
feet

That round our corporal walls un-
heeded beat,

not when he frets at the show of things with a busy brain, as Thompson, in the main, saw well enough. The two things warred in him; and the chief ascendancy that his last volume has over his first is that its imagery sprang more truly from imaginative perceptions and less from intellectual conceits.

Whether or not these conceits, such as mark the sequence "Love in Dian's Lap," arose from a study of the later seventeenth-century poets assuredly matters little one way or the other. Nor are we of those who find Crashaw's name at once obtruding into our minds directly we open a volume by Francis Thompson. That Thomp-

son had a good memory, and that this memory sometimes played unhappy tricks with him as he endured the imaginative strain of finding his own song, must be evident to all who have read him attentively; but this has nothing whatsoever to do with the natural predispositions of his mind, which led him, particularly in his first volume, to certain frigid antitheses. One need not, happily, consciously or unconsciously, plagiarize from another man because one has the same bent of mind as he. The evils of that line of inquiry (if inquiry, indeed, it be) have done injustice to Thompson; and are printed all over M. Rooker's chapter on "*Les Influences qu'il a subies.*" One would imagine, for instance, that there was not much kinship between Keats and Thompson. The likeness of color and suggestion, therefore, between the former's *Ode to Autumn* and the latter's *Corymbus for Autumn* may very well arise from the fact that they do both faithfully suggest autumn, not because they suggest one another. Yet M. Rooker, having quoted a lengthy extract from the latter, declares that "*incontestablement ici l'influence du sensualisme de Keats est manifeste.*" As, in the same chapter, he passes most of the succession of English poets before him to extract the precise nature of their contribution, it is obvious that time and space are being wasted. All poets are clearly the heirs of their predecessors, even though they personally are unfamiliar with their work; but it is to be remembered that identical subjects suggest identical manners (and the truer the poetry the closer the identity), which are yet in no way the effect of the approaching personalities.

This is the gravest flaw in M. Rooker's otherwise excellent study; and it is not confined to the one chapter. It is too much round and about its subject, and not enough in direct exposi-

tion of it; yet it displays careful reading and a very close intimacy. It is noteworthy that the first full-length study of a poet who, one would imagine, would little appeal to a Gallic taste should come from France. It is significant, too; for a good many permanent reputations in English literature have had to return from abroad. M. Rooker, it is true, makes no attempt to find a place for Thompson: he is content with examining his work with detailed care; and it is a clue to his book that two of its best chapters deal with "style" and "metrique." Nor is it desirable, even though it were possible, to attempt to do anything of the kind at so early a date. But that does not mean that we need be blind to so much of the achievement as is sure. One has some difficulty in M. Rooker's pages in seeing the trees for the wood; whereas it needs no particular courage to affirm that three such poems as the "*Anthem of Earth,*" with its superb close—

Here I untrammel,
Here I pluck loose the body's cere-
menting,
And break the tomb of life; here I
shake off
The bur o' the world, man's congrega-
tion shun,
And to the antique order of the dead
I take the tongueless vows: my cell is
set
Here in thy bosom; my little trouble
is ended
In a little peace—
"The Hound of Heaven," and "New
Year's Chimes" are as sure of their
life as anything that has been written
since Shelley sang—are not only great
things in themselves, but are full of
that incommensurable quality that
marks the highest.

It is noteworthy, too, that none of these have an ecclesiastical (or, in the narrower sense of the word, religious) imprint. They are outside dogma; they are even, each in its degree, de-

fiant of dogma. They do not turn on dogma with a mordant wit in close set terms as "To the Dead Cardinal of Westminster" does. They are free of it, because they are anterior to it and above it. In the highest sense all poets are religious in the precise degree of their poetry; and in that affirmation Francis Thompson enrolled himself of their number. The fact that he sang his songs from the cave that so generously and nobly found him shelter when he was like to be destroyed in the storms without has not altogether served him well. Some have disparaged him as the poet of a circle; others have thought of him as a "religious poet," meaning something between a poet proper and a hymn-writer. Whereas he was altogether of the wider company, having his place in the highway of the poets, with a fame that will increase when many more notable names have diminished in glory. The ritual he framed for the expression of his vision sometimes overlapped the ecclesiastical ritual; in fact, he often deliberately employed the same symbols, not always with advantage; but his experience of the realities was nevertheless an independent one, and he is less inclined to take things on report than some of his slighter poems would lead us to infer. "The Hound of Heaven" is the portal to his own cathedral, and the splendid dome to it is the "Anthem of Earth."

It is difficult, with so handsome a collected edition before us, not to undertake hasty prophecies. Certainly if an edition could confer its own dignity on its contents there would not be much hesitation. The arrangement of the poems has been altered, and many poems included that hitherto have been procurable only in old periodicals. Francis Thompson might not have wished to perpetuate all the inclusions; yet the inclusion was in-

evitable, and Mr. Meynell has done his work with tact and wisdom. The third of the volumes makes a selection of Francis Thompson's prose; chiefly reviews that appeared originally in the pages of the *Academy* and the *Athenaeum*, with the memorable essay on Shelley and the sane paper on "Health and Holiness." It is not as a prose-writer that Thompson will live; especially when his prose came chiefly in brief reviews, since he needed space to get into his stride. That is to say, he does not often have the chance of breaking up new soil, or of winning those rolling periods which he so loved in Thomas Browne and De Quincey and which were his natural speech. Moreover, he was inclined to elaborate an idea out of its just proportion, as in "Paganism Old and New," or when he speaks of Shelley as at play in the universe, whereas there never was a poet so intensely in earnest as Shelley. But as read beside his poetry his prose has a secure interest; for in many of its passages we can see him venturing an idea first in the looser form before working it up in the closer tension of his poetry. In his essay on "Shakespeare's Prose" he says that "it might almost be erected into a rule that a great poet is, if he please, also a master of prose"; and the saying is true of himself. But the very fact that he should so jealously use the best passages in his prose for a subsequent place in his poetry shows that it was as a poet he employed the fertility of his conception. In some degree some of his poems lost by that: "Of Nature," as we have said, is often little more than prose thinking in metre. But it was the prose, naturally, that chiefly suffered. There is no occasion for tears. The poetry is well able to take charge of his fame; and Mr. Meynell, as publisher and literary executor, has devised a handsome house for it in this collected edition.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

DANCES AND DOGS

Park Lane.

Dearest Daphne,—Hostesses have been up against a quite *quite* novel difficulty this season—the scarcity of *girls* at parties! *Isn't* that a deliciously funny idea? It comes about through some of the oldest inhabitants not allowing their girls to do the Chimpanzee Cuddle and the Mexican Mix-up. The Duchess of Dunstable is one of these, and poor Francesca and Frederica have had a perfectly rotten time in consequence. They were both asked last week to a kick-up at Beryl Clarges', where things are generally made to hum. The old duchess refused, and arranged to take them to a ghastly scientific *soirée*—you know the sort of fearful function—tea and coffee and lemonade, and information while you wait! Franky gave in meekly, as she always does, but Freckles nursed rebellious thoughts and planned deep plans.

Among old Dunstable's other moss-grown habits and customs, she keeps up the childish punishment of sending the girls to bed early if they ever cheek her or answer her back. At dinner on the night in question, Freckles was particularly argumentative, and the more her mother repressed her the more she wouldn't be repressed. At last she flatly contradicted her stately parent. The latter got out the frown she keeps specially for Freckles and put it on. "You know what your punishment is," she said after an awful silence. "You will go straight to your room on leaving the table." In due time she dragged off Franky to science and sighs, and, as soon as they were off the premises, Freckles, instead of going to her penitential couch, put on her prettiest dance frock and went in a taxi to Beryl's, where she enjoyed herself hugely.

Unluckily, old Lady Humguffin, who's everybody's third cousin or first aunt once removed, met the Duchess of Dunstable next day, and said, "I looked in at my great-niece, Beryl Clarges', last night and found she'd a party of young people. What extraordinary dances they do nowadays, to be sure! I don't know when I've laughed so much! Your Frederica seems particularly *au fait* at a dance called the Chimpanzee something-or-other."

"My Frederica!" gasped old Dunstable. "My Frederica was at home—in bed!"

"I daresay you do," rejoined the Humguffin, who's deafier than twenty posts; "but I think it's hardly wise for you to do such violent dances at your age."

The engagement of Peggy Sandys, the Ramsgates' younger girl, has come as quite a great little surprise, except to those behind the scenes. She came out last year and made an instant success. She's one of those girls who happen now and then (your Blanche was one of them once upon a time), who are proposed to by almost everyone, and are quite tired of saying No. She has the young girl's funny trick of having ideals and being in earnest, and has let it be understood that the men of to-day don't come *near* her standard. Her granny, Popsy, Lady R., tells people that, at eighteen, she was exactly like Peggy herself. But, in spite of the fearful prospect thus opened, the girl goes her conquering way. I can best describe her by telling you that half the women say, "I can't *imagine* what people see in that girl!" and the other half say, "*Pretty!* She hasn't a *feature* in her face, my dear." When *those* things are said on all sides, you may know the lucky child has quite *quite* got there! *Passe pour cela.*

At a boy-and-girl dance at the Middle-shires' one night, Peggy was doing a sit-out with Lolly flollyott (Ninny's brother). Their chat began with Lolly proposing once more and being refused. Then they went on to talk Pekingese—they're both *ardent* owners and exhibitors of the little butterfly-dogs; and so they got to the Age We Live In, and Peggy pronounced it an age absolutely incapable of heroism.

"Why, look at you all," she said; "you men of to-day, compared with the knights of old who died for their lady-loves!"

"Don't be rough on us," pleaded Lolly. "The knights of old got their chance at tournaments and things, and there ain't any *real* tournaments any longer. But, if the idea is that we're to die for you, you've only got to ask us to cross the road—that's almost certain death now."

But Peggy wouldn't listen. "The age of heroism is dead," she persisted. "Not one of you is capable of an heroic act."

Next week was the Dog Show at the Floricultural Gardens. Peggy Sandys carried off everything with her peky-peky, Ming-Ming the 23rd. The little champion was quite the centre of attraction, sitting thoughtfully in a big satin-lined jewel-case, with mounted police all around him and Life-guards beyond the police—in case of foul play. Peggy, dressed in muslin and smiles, was seated near by, and Lolly came up to congratulate her.

"Thanks awfully," said Peggy. "Yes, I'm frightfully proud and happy to-day. But why aren't *you* showing? You've some good ones, haven't you?"

"Yes, I've got some good ones—," answered Lolly, looking wistfully at Ming-Ming the 23rd and his mounted police and Life-guards; "but I ain't showing any of 'em to-day. I say, look here, I wish you'd come to tea at my place to-morrow and have a look at

'em—I'd like your opinion." Peggy said she'd go, and, as she's very independent and quite a law unto herself, she did go.

"They're all nice little thingy-things," said Lolly, as he showed her his doglets, "but Confucius is the best." Peggy darted forward to examine Confucius; then she gave a scream (if she'd lived fifty years ago she'd have fainted), and turned upon Lolly. "Why," she gasped, "he's got *all* the points—and *more* than all."

"Yes, I know," said Lolly sadly. "He's got 'em all—and a bit over. His eyes bulge a weeny bit more than Ming-Ming's, as you see, and his brow is a teeny bit more thoughtful; and then he's the extra toes."

"And yet you didn't show him?" cried Peggy. "Are you mad?"

"No, Peggy, I ain't off my chump," said Lolly; "I didn't show him—because—"

A light broke on Peggy. "I see; you didn't show him because you didn't want him to cut out my Ming-Ming."

"That's about the size of it," assented Lolly. "It's nothing to make a dust about—I—I was glad to do it—though it *did* want some doing."

"I take back all I said the other night," cried the enthusiastic Peggy. "The age of heroism is *not* dead! No knight of old ever performed a *greater*, *nobler* action for his lady-love than you did in keeping back this angel from the show, so that he shouldn't cut out my Ming-Ming."

And now Lolly and Peggy are engaged. (There are always poisonous persons who try to spoil a pretty little romance, and these creatures say Peggy only accepted Lolly to be part owner of Confucius.)

Norty, who keeps me posted up in Parliamentary matters, tells me a Bill is coming before the House for the abolition of coastguards and all coast defences, and in their place large

notice-boards are to be erected warning foreign warships that if they approach our shores too closely they will be liable to a penalty not exceeding forty shillings. The money saved on

Punch.

coast defences would be used to build free picture palaces for the unemployed. Norty hopes to put in one of his scathing speeches when the Bill comes up.

Ever thine,

Blanche.

DIVINE RIGHT UP-TO-DATE.

The celebration of the Kaiser's Silver Jubilee has been much more interesting and much less perfunctory than such occasions commonly are. Towards a personality so individual and so human one may, indeed, adopt any attitude save that of indifference. His own subjects have often marvelled at him, sometimes censured him, and sometimes applauded him. Foreign opinion has veered with each of his more startling utterances. The conclusion of a long period, during which he has made more occasions for the pencil of the caricaturist and the pen of the satirist than all the crowned heads of Europe together, is nearer, we think, to affection than to admiration. Berlin, divided between a great Socialist majority and a small Radical minority, has made up its mind to like him. A more unique tribute, without a parallel we should suppose in the record of such celebrations, has been the arrival from England of an influential deputation bent on doing him honor. All this is interesting, but the real event of the Jubilee has been the authorized disclosure by Professor Hintze of a romantic secret of the Hohenzollern family history. A sealed document was put into the Kaiser's hands when the succession fell to him. It was the political testament of Frederick William IV. of Prussia. His father and his grandfather had each in turn read it at the same solemn moment in their lives, and had each decided to disregard it. It was nothing less than a reasoned incitement, ad-

dressed to any future Hohenzollern who should be rash enough to act upon it, to repudiate the Constitution which the testator himself had been forced to grant and to proclaim himself the absolute King of Prussia before an oath should fetter his honor. The King was a clever, weak, obstinate man, and clearly he had no conception of the fatal march of history. What is really interesting in this revelation is the discovery that the Kaiser was far from regarding this testament as a curious historical document which deserved to be kept as a precious eccentricity in the Hohenzollern archives. He evidently regarded it as a real danger which might one day lead some Hohenzollern astray. He refused to pass it on to his descendants, and resolutely consigned it to the flames.

To a modern mind, there is in this singular little episode the fascination of the incomprehensible. There is nothing at all mysterious in most of the contemporary manifestations of Conservatism, whether in Germany or in England. We think we can detect in them all the ordinary workings of motives and tendencies and opinions which in one degree or another are the common stuff of the human mind. That a class should defend its privileges, that wealthy men who have all they desire should display an exaggerated caution, that self-interest and temperament should combine to resist innovation and defend existing institutions—all this is not only natural and inevitable, but on a broad view of the

evolutionary development of society, proper and desirable. It is only in the mystical conservatism of the Kaiser's attitude that we seem to encounter an idea which nothing in our own experience enables us to understand. One contemplates it with the same wondering, admiring interest which one feels for the South Sea notions of a taboo, or the Mosaic beliefs about blood. In a man of a narrow and gloomy mind, devoted, like the present Tsar, to every form of superstition from orthodox sacerdotalism to spirit-rapping and anti-Semitism, it would seem natural and normal enough. But this strenuous modern mind, which patronizes the more daring of the "higher critics" in Biblical research, welcomes Babylonian documents as a revelation on the same level as the Old Testament, concerns itself with constructive social reforms, launches rashly into the controversies of the stage and the concert room, commends the experiments of scientific agriculture, and lectures youth about gymnastics and Swedish drill—what conceivable contact has it with the divine right of kings? Yet one may question whether any Stuart Bishop or non-juring scholar ever gave the doctrine a statement quite so far-reaching. When he claimed direct inspiration for his own grandfather, and added him to a select list which included Christ and Moses, he went far beyond the teaching of seventeenth-century Toryism, which was usually content to exalt the office without deifying the man.

Two lines of explanation help us partially to understand the singular place which the Kaiser has claimed for himself as the divine head of a modern democracy. The Prussian system of discipline is, on the whole, a negation and crucifixion of personality. The nation in arms, bent on efficiency and vowed to obedience, re-

nounced in the pursuit, first of military and then of industrial success, all the romantic ideals of the claims of genius and the free development of personality. It aims at a high average rather than at personal distinction. It has built up a middle class in which every man, on pain of losing social caste, must reach a rather high level of intellectual competence and education. Nowhere is there a more instructed nation, and nowhere a nation in which creative achievements and all that depends in art and speculation on temperament rather than research are on the whole so mediocre. The Germany of the romantic movement idolized "genius" with a quaint sentimental veneration; it produced it. The Germany of to-day aims at high competence; it reaches it. But the more any body of men becomes a regiment and discourages personality in its ranks, the more does it demand it at its head. An army longs for a Napoleon; an order prays for a Loyola. Least of all does political life under a constitution which recognizes no responsible Ministry, and inevitably reduces parties to factions, tend to produce dominant personalities. Bismarck was the creation of the romantic, old-world Germany, though he destroyed it. His successors have been correct public servants, and of the four Chancellors who have followed him, only one, von Bülow, was even clever.

This void and desert of personality called out for some compensation, and the Kaiser, the one man in the Empire raised above the deadening system of discipline, has spent his life in filling the vacuum which Nature abhorred. The other explanation is that our own traditional phrase, "the divine right of kings," gives only half the attitude as a Prussian sees it, and to do him justice, we do not think it is the half on which the Kaiser's mind

most constantly dwells. The divine duty of kings would render his guiding thought more exactly. Two tendencies the Hegelian philosophy of history left behind it in the world, and both of them survive to this day. One was the Russian Slavophil movement, based on the assumption that the peculiar institutions of the Slav world were destined to be the next dominant phase in the world's dialectic of history. The other was the conception of the Prussian State, based not on any notion of individual right, or liberty, or happiness, but on some corporate mission to assert its "idea" in

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the evolution of the world. The demands for "places in the sun" and a future on the seas sound, when we translate them into English, like the ordinary vulgar claim for expansion of the financial and military Imperialist. In the mind of the Prussian squire and the Rhineland captain of industry they mean no more. But their origin lies in a more mystical conception of history, an elaborate Hegelian version of the schemes of Providence. At the head of a nation consciously realizing a divine destiny, there stands, quite naturally, a monarch who professes inspiration.

ASPECTS OF ROME IN 1913.

The chief novelties exposed to the reluctant eyes of visitors to Rome, after an absence of two years, are the finished temple to the "Divine" Victor Emanuel—to give the monument on the Capitoline a title fit for the antiquity it imitates; and the newly opened bridge about midway among the bridges of Rome.

The temple is not without beauty, but in one respect it imitates antiquity faultily; it is so huge in its mass and in the scale of its detail as to dwarf the little Forum lying low behind it, the whole little Forum, its two historic arches, its pillars—Byron's, no longer "with the buried base"—and the rest the graceful ruins. All these were dutiful in their proportion, in relation to the little hills of Rome and in relation to the stature of man, our one rod of measurement, which antiquity, while it was wise, respected. The new temple respects it not at all. Thus it crushes not present Rome only, but its own models and exemplars, the monuments of a revered antiquity. As to the present city, the Rome of brown tiles and tawny walls, of roof gardens and the

surprises of small trees among high house-tops, hooded hollows, translucent shadows under arches and delicate lights, the Rome of little and accidental things and fragments, it is crushed and crumpled by the temple as a handful of colored leaves by a heavy hand. And the temple confesses, with an unintentional candor, its colossal size to be à l'adresse of St. Peter. Seated on the Capitoline it obviously alludes to the other colossus seated on the slope of the Vatican, outside of the range of the classical seven hills. The upper part of the temple has been finished—after much waiting for more funds that even the confiscation of the profits of agriculture throughout the exhausted nation has failed to yield—with an imitation of marble. The equestrian statue to which the temple is but a background can hardly, in this lovely climate, be seen for its gilding. But, having called the building a temple, I should withdraw the name. For this, the strangest monument in the world, the pile that weighs upon Rome and dominates the Agro Romano, is not a building at all, but a

curtain. Its uncountable steps lead to nothing, it has no body, it has no within; it has no back; it is columns, and still more columns. In its splendor it yet reminds one of the coiffure of the aunts in "The Mill on the Floss." It is a "front."

The new stone bridge is open, and the iron girder-bridge that has for twenty years disfigured the view of the Tiber up and down is closed, and will shortly be carted away to bestride the Anio among the hills, where it will look anything but well. The tramcars that it has carried will be carried by the way now completed. The new bridge thus becomes the next neighbor of the age-long familiar bridge of Sant' Angelo, the upper bridge of Rome when there were but few. It has never carried tramcars between its angels, beautiful dancing angels each tripping with one of the instruments of the Saviour's Passion—spear, nails, reed, cross. To-day this structure and this sculpture, of such Roman taste and dancing-master's grace, looks modest, looks moderate and sincere, in comparison with the truculence of its new neighbor. For the latest of now so many bridges over the Tiber has piers immensely too high, carrying a Victory and a Fame too much aloft, and charged all along its course with colossal groups of allegorical sculpture alternating with dwarf obelisks. The august Egyptian obelisks that stand at great intervals in Rome—at St. Peter's, at the Lateran, at the Trinità, in the Piazza del Popolo, before Santa Maria Maggiore—should have taught modern Rome that obelisks are necessarily things of stature; but you may pat the many obelisks of the new bridge on the head. Of the allegorical groups Rodin was obviously the father—well, the reputed father.

Time was when the later Renaissance ruled Rome and set its flourishing signature everywhere. At the present day the Risorgimento fights it, foot to foot.

And the Rome of the Middle Ages is by these two equally despised. Its chief witnesses are a few desolate churches and the apses of the basilicas, at the far end of the heavy ceilings with their stucco and gold—these, and the great pavements, and the little towers; a company of the slender and dusky towers of Rome, infinitely more beautiful than her more renowned cupolas. Now that all things are matter for authorship, some good writer should make his study of a gathering of the towers. The Renaissance visibly contemned them, and the Risorgimento would willingly have them away; one of them trembles now on the brink of an excavation and an improvement. But a bunch of them as they stand would make a most beautiful anthology.

The municipality are still bent on diminishing the extent of great grey pavements, and their ideal of the "Square" (they borrow the name) encroaches; there are yearly more enclosures, sometimes planted with a sickly palm or two, growing flowerless grass, and defended by barbed wire. The majestic space before the apse of Santa Maria Maggiore has lately been made subject to this change, which pleases the authorities by as much likeness as the sun will allow to Bloomsbury. But the re-naming of conspicuous streets has gone no further, and the by-streets of Rome, being despised, will no doubt keep for some time yet their old names—the Street of Serpents, for example, the Street of Good Counsel, the Street of Humility, the Street of the (female) Cat. The change of name of the Piazza di Spagna to the Piazza Francesco Ferrer was threatened, but it has not taken place, and meanwhile Ferrer gets forgotten. But every year brings to man's estate more men called Temistocle (Themistocles), Ercole (Hercules), Tiberio (Tiberius), Ellogabalo (Heliogabalus),

whose fathers were Anthony and Dominic. When these classic names are given at the font (though not all infants are now carried thither) the officiating priest stipulates for the addition of a more Christian name; and the boy becomes Tiberius Bartholomew, or Heliogabalus Joseph, to his future confusion.

Demolition and building go on apace. Yet more new hotels, for which the little irregular city is falling bit by bit, are even now raising most vile faces. But it is some years since the view of the Tiber, upward and downward, was marred by houses of the domino order—dominos (sixes) standing on end. But for these the river, embanked, would be beautiful indeed. For, lest I should seem to name none but the offending changes of this changing Rome, let me hasten to praise the noble embankment that has given health to the city. If it could but remain white (the stone is apt to blacken under the action of the Tiber water) the simple river walls would be perfectly beautiful. What is built upon the broad boulevard of the embankment—that is lamentable.

Destruction, demolition, Renaissance, Risorgimento have dealt with Rome by turns. They have left it, at any rate, its sky. It is the most smokeless city in Europe, and lies under the most heavenly sky. How simple and how

natural it is that a sky should be heavenly! But other skies have something too much of earth—smoke, exhalations, low-flying clouds, tender mists. Not so this Roman heaven, until and unless the factories—exempted from taxation in the neighborhood of Italian towns—come at last. The sky is left, but the Risorgimento has planned a new Rome; the plans are at the present moment in the Prefect's hands. This strait and serried city is to be turned into a city of broad and league-long streets and domino houses, as much like to Indianapolis as is consistent with the touch of Bloomsbury already mentioned.

The prospect vexes us; but we should doubtless have been yet more indignant had our portion of life been in the time, not of the Risorgimento, but of the Renaissance, when the pick-axe was laid, with malice and with triumph, to the root of the Middle Ages. With insurgent and protesting hearts should we have seen St. Peter's arise, and Bernini swagger, setting everything a-flutter that was by nature or character rigid or simple—even the priest's chasuble, even St. Veronica's solemn handkerchief. And now we would most willingly guard our Bernini from the insults of the Risorgimento, our Bernini, the greatest of swaggerers and the most glorious.

Alice Meynell

The Saturday Review.

THE THREE YEARS BILL IN FRANCE.

It is important for the English public to appreciate how considerable a struggle is proceeding in France at the present moment upon the Three Years Bill. This Bill is not yet law, and in the interval before it becomes law, a very determined opposition is rising against the proposals of the Government to make it law. Now, the nature

of that opposition, its causes and its effect, are all of them very much to the purpose of our own foreign policy. They will all three affect the future of Europe in the next two years profoundly, but they will affect this country more than any other because this country, as a consequence of certain relations cherished in the past, is

now dependent for its precarious security upon the enmity between France and Germany, and also upon the size and efficiency of the French army. It is not a pleasant thing to underline, but it is true.

The principal factors of the situation are well known to the readers of this paper, but they should be recapitulated before we deal with its present phase.

The German Empire for nearly a generation past pursued a certain policy in armament. It excluded from the harsh realities of conscription those classes in the nation which might find military service of the common type intolerable. By a series of amiable fictions it prevented what has been called "the articulate classes"—the people who can write and organize and make trouble—from suffering the full privations and indignities of a private soldier's life. It did more than this. As the population was increasing rapidly, the German Government took less and less of the young men every year for full military service. The population subjected to Prussia in particular having little feeling for equality, it was able to condemn some men to two, others to three years' service, to take about one man in four for a soldier, and to leave some three-quarters of the adult males of the nation ignorant of arms, or, in the case of a minority, supplied with an insufficient training.

The French, by making their system strictly universal, were able with a much smaller and almost stationary population, to counter-balance the German forces. And the number of men who have been thoroughly trained in arms in France, both those with the Colors and those in the reserves, was permanently larger than the number of those which Germany could count upon. Over and above this, the French were secure in two very important points. They had a triple line of fortified works upon their side of

the frontier altogether superior to anything which Germany had attempted upon her side, and in each special department, as in the condition of their horses, in the instruction of their men, and especially in artillery, they had an uncontested superiority. The effect of the Balkan War upon this state of affairs was ironically unexpected. It proved, among other things, that a number of the remaining German theories of modern war broke down under the test of active service; but, in particular, the preparations of Russia, coupled with the successes of her Slavonic dependents and virtual compatriots, alarmed as much as they surprised the German General Staff. It was, therefore, determined very hurriedly by that General Staff, first, and most urgent, that Germany should at least go in for an extended system of fortification, especially upon her Eastern frontier, and, secondly, that the actual number of trained men should be enormously increased. The increase from this old state of affairs to the new was to be something in the proportion of five to eight. The German General Staff was thinking principally of the wholly new judgment they had to make upon the strength of Russia, and particularly upon that element of rapidity which is so very large a part of military efficiency. But, though Russia was in their mind, it was inevitable that France should be more affected than Russia by the new policy. It is inevitable, because the French permanently regard the annexed territory of Alsace-Lorraine as their own, and as a matter of debate not yet settled, while there will always be a bond between Russia and Prussia so long as both those powers are engaged in an attempt to destroy Poland. To the numerical increase in the German army the French could give no reply. They had already trained to arms the whole of their available pop-

ulation. What they could do was to prevent any sudden shock of invasion and any dislocation of their mobilization by adding to the number of men actually with the Colors, but this could only be done by increasing the time of service, and a Commission appointed by the Government decided that this period of service with the Colors should be increased from two years to three. It further determined (which is the crux of the whole matter) that the men who were to have been freed next Autumn should be kept with the Colors for another year. It asked that discredited organ of legislation, the Chamber of Deputies, to vote this policy in principle, and later to embody it in a law. The immediate effect of this proposal was to create a strong opposition within the Chamber. It furnished the first opportunity for division which the Parliamentarians had had since the Dreyfus business and the laws confiscating the property of such persons as might have taken religious vows in the Catholic Church. There happened what always happens in a Parliament nowadays, a flood of talk beginning insincerely and becoming half sincere as it proceeded. Meanwhile, the discussion of the division having once been started, all those elements in the country which disapproved of the extension of military service rallied, and a genuine opposition formed amid the public. It includes no very great minority of the nation, but one sufficiently strong to make itself felt, and one the nature of which is complicated, because it does not so much divide one man from another as a part of each man from another part of himself.

To everyone in the country the law appears as an exceedingly grave and very hard measure. To the great majority of the country this hard and even cruel order—however necessary—comes from men whom the country

thoroughly despise, and from an organ of Government which has lost every shred of moral authority. The great bulk of Frenchmen are in a mood which a gust might turn against the national duty at this moment. But apart from this, there are certain bodies of opinion definitely opposed to the law. There are in the first place a great number of thoughtful men in the better educated and wealthier classes, who do not think that a full three years is necessary, and who believe that keeping the men now with the Colors for another six months, while the recruits are being trained, is all that need be asked for. It should be noted that this body of opinion includes not a few officers. Less important though very strictly organized, is the conscious Socialist vote of the country—using the word Socialist in the English sense of Collectivist and Internationalist. This body has not only got strict organization, but great wealth, and, what is of more value than either in any struggle, conviction.

Then you have the fact that to all the men actually subject to the extension of time—that is, to the whole of the rank and file of the army, and especially to the second half, which has already served for nearly two years,—the sense of oppression is almost intolerable. The whole of a young man's life in France is calculated upon the date of his release from service, and the date is looked forward to and counted on with an eagerness that perhaps no other event in the life of most men can excite.

Finally, an argument has been used which has had great weight in the last few days. It has been said that the President of the Republic promised the Russian Government that the reform should go through, and that it is on account of this pledge that the Government will not listen to Opposition arguments. All nations resent foreign

interference, and it seems particularly harsh that these young men should be sacrificed for the interests of a Power that does not impose universal service itself, and which is already possessed of such huge armaments.

This statement, however, must not be taken as true. It may be true, but there is this to be said against its authenticity, that it has arisen and has been repeated in circles where lies are, so to speak, a daily food. It is in particular to be noticed that the printed sheets which repeated it in England were the same as those that printed the most glaring falsehoods during the separation of Church and State in France, and this sudden appearance of such statements, especially in those sections of the English Press, always means that they have been sent out by order from some secret international centre.

To sum up, one may take it that with considerable friction, at the risk even of rare mutiny and of very active and widespread disaffection, the men who should have been released next Autumn will be retained with the Colors at least until next April. But that is the least certain, as it is the most perilous part of the business.

The second point is more certain, and will be carried with less friction. The three years service for the young men who have not yet been summoned will certainly be imposed. The harshness of the measure will not be felt in anything like the same degree as the retention in the barrack room of men who have already suffered its severe discipline for two years and were confidently expecting release.

Now for the third point, which is the most important of all. It has been stated before in these pages, and it is of capital importance to Englishmen. This effort upon the part of the French means, as a matter of almost physical necessity, one of two things within the

next three years: Disarmament in the West of Europe, or war. It is quite impossible that civilized Europe should admit the threat of a large Prussian army organized for purposes that bring good to no one, and only do evil to section after section of European life; should admit that threat permanently, and should neither counter-balance it nor attempt to destroy it. If Prussia had shown any capacity for governing (and, therefore, reconciling) the populations she proposes to oppress, and notably the Polish population upon the subjugation of which she has foolishly based her policy, a great numerical superiority in her forces would be another matter. But since every year that passes makes it more difficult for the Prussian Government to do as it wills in Poland, in the provinces annexed from France, and, for that matter, in its internal struggle against organized Catholicism, since also its foreign policy consists in little more beyond further threats against districts still free, an hegemony of the kind that is now sought for the first time in thirty years will certainly not be admitted. On the other hand, it is equally certain that the French have no intention of standing for very long this strain of the new military conditions. They will still have a numerical superiority over the German forces for three years more; they will certainly have a superiority in their fortified works, an overwhelming superiority in the efficiency of their artillery, and in each particular branch of their service they are conscious of a similar superiority. Their one element of weakness on the military side is that politically they are a Democracy. In everything else, even in numbers, they will, for just this short period, have the advantage, and it is impossible to believe that this will not be utilized to relieve the strain one way or the other.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

The majority of nocturnal animals, more particularly those bent on spoliation, are strangely silent. True, frogs croak in the marshes, bats shrill overhead at so high a pitch that some folks cannot hear them, and owls hoot from their ruins in a fashion that some vote melodious and romantic, while others associate the sound rather with midnight crime and dislike it accordingly. The badger, on the other hand, with the otter and fox—all of them sad thieves from our point of view—have learnt, whatever their primeval habits, to go about their marauding in stealthy silence; and it is only in less settled regions that one hears the jackals barking, the hyænas howling, and the browsing deer whistling through the night watches.

There are, however, two of our native birds, or rather summer visitors, since they leave us in autumn, closely associated with the warm June nights, the stillness of which they break in very different fashion, and these are the nightingale and nightjar. Each is of considerable interest in its own way. It is not to be denied that the churring note of the nightjar is, to ordinary ears, the reverse of attractive, and the bird is not much more pleasing to the eye than to the ear; while the nightingale, on the contrary, produces such sweet sounds as made Izaak Walton marvel what music God could provide for His saints in heaven when He gave such as this to sinners on earth. The suggestion was not wholly his own, since the father of angling borrowed it from a French writer; but he vastly improved on the original, and the passage will long live in the hearts of thousands who care not a jot for his instructions in respect of worms. At the same time, the nightjar, though the less at-

tractive bird of the two, is fully as interesting as its comrade of the summer darkness, and there should be no difficulty in indicating the little that they have in common, as well as much wherein they differ, in both habits and appearance.

Both, then, are birds of sober attire. Indeed, of the two, the nightjar, with its soft and delicately pencilled plumage and the conspicuous white spots, is perhaps the handsomer, though, as it is seen only in the gloaming, its quiet beauty is but little appreciated. The unobtrusive dress of the nightingale, on the other hand, is familiar in districts in which the bird abounds, and is commonly quoted, by contrast with its unrivalled voice, as the converse of the gaudy coloring of raucous macaws and parakeets. As has been said, both these birds are summer migrants, the nightingale arriving on our shores about the middle of April, the nightjar perhaps a fortnight later. Thenceforth, however, their programmes are wholly divergent, for, whereas the nightjars proceed to scatter over the length and breadth of Britain, penetrating even to Ireland in the west and as far north as the Hebrides, the nightingale stops far short of these extremes and leaves whole counties of England, as well as probably the whole of Scotland, and certainly the whole of Ireland, out of its calculations. It is however well known that its range is slowly but surely increasing towards the west.

This curiously restricted distribution of the nightingale, indeed, within the limits of its summer home is among the most remarkable of the many problems confronting the student of distribution, and successive ingenious but unconvincing attempts to explain its seeming eccentricity, or at

any rate caprice, in the choice of its nesting range only make the confusion worse. Briefly, in spite of a number of doubtful and even suspicious reports of the bird's occurrence outside of these boundaries, it is generally agreed by the soundest observers that its travels do not extend much north of the city of York, or much west of a line drawn through Exeter and Birmingham. By way of complicating the argument, we know, on good authority, that the nightingale's range is equally peculiar elsewhere; and that, whereas it likewise shuns the departments in the extreme west of France, it occurs all over the Peninsula, a region extending considerably farther into the sunset than either Brittany or Cornwall, in both of which it is unknown. No satisfactory explanation of the little visitor's objection to Wild Wales or Cornwall has been found, and it may at once be stated that its capricious distribution cannot be accounted for by any known facts of soil, climate, or vegetation, since the surroundings which it finds suitable in Kent and Sussex are equally to be found down in the West Country, but fail to attract their share of nightingales.

The song of the nightingale, in praise of which volumes have been written, is perhaps more beautiful than that of any other bird, though I have heard wonderful efforts from the mocking-bird in the United States and from the bulbuls along the banks of the Jordan. The latter are sometimes, more especially in poetry, regarded as identical with the nightingale; and, indeed, some ornithologists hold the two to be closely related. What a gap there is between the sobbing cadences of the nightingale and the rasping note of the nightjar, which, with specific reference to a Colonial cousin of that bird, Tasmanians ingeniously render as "more pork"! It seems al-

most ludicrous to include under the head of bird-song not only the music of the nightingale, but also the croak of the raven and the booming note of the ostrich. Yet these also are the love-songs of their kind, and the hen ostrich doubtless finds more music in the thunderous note of her lord than in the faint melody of such song-birds as her native Africa provides. The nightingale sings to his mate while she is sitting on her olive-green eggs, perching on a low branch of the tree, at foot of which the slender nest is hidden in the undergrowth. So much is known to every schoolboy, who is too often guided by the sound on his errand of plunder; and why the song of this particular warbler should have been described by so many writers as one of sadness, seeing that it is associated with the most joyous days in the bird's year, passes comprehension. So obviously is its object to hearten the female in her long and patient vigil that, as soon as the young are hatched, the male's voice breaks, like that of other choristers, to a guttural croak. It is said, indeed—though so cruel an experiment would not appeal to many—that if the nest be destroyed just as the young are hatched the bird recovers all his sweetness of voice and sings anew while another home is built.

Although poetic license has ascribed the song to the female, it is the male nightingale only that sings, and for the purpose afore-mentioned. The note of the nightjar, on the other hand, is equally uttered by both sexes, and both also have the curious habit of repeatedly clapping the wings for several minutes together. They moreover share the business of incubation, taking day and night duty on the eggs, which, two in number, are laid on the bare ground without any pretence at a nest, and generally on open commons in the neighborhood of patches of fern-

brake. Like the owls, these birds sleep during the day and are active only when the sun goes down. It is this habit of seeking their insect food only in the gloaming which makes nightjars among the most difficult of birds to study from life, and all accounts of their feeding habits must therefore be received with caution, particularly that which compares the bristles on the mouth with baleen in whales, serving as a sort of strainer for the capture of minute flying prey. This is an interesting suggestion, and may even be sober fact; but its adoption would necessitate the bird flying open-mouthed among the oaks and other trees beneath which it finds the yellow underwings and cockchafers on which it feeds, and I have more than once watched it hunting its victims with the beak closed. I noticed this particularly when camping in the backwoods of Eastern Canada, where the bird goes by the name of "night-hawk."

In all probability its food consists exclusively of insects, though exceptional cases have been noted in which the young birds had evidently been

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fed on seeds. The popular error which charges it with stealing the milk of ewes and goats, from which it derives the undeserved name of "goat-sucker," with its equivalent in several Continental languages, is another result of the imperfect light in which it is commonly observed. Needless to say, there is no truth whatever in the accusation, for the nightjar would find no more pleasure in drinking milk than we should in eating moths.

Here, then, are two night-voices of very different calibre. These are not our only birds that break the silence on moonlight nights in June. The common thrush often sings far into the night, and the sedge-warbler is a persistent caroller that has often been mistaken for the nightingale. The difference in this respect between the two subjects of these remarks is that the nightjar is invariably silent all through the day, whereas the nightingale sings joyously at all hours. It is only because his splendid music is more marked in the comparative silence of the night, with little or no competition, that his daylight concert is often overlooked.

F. G. Afalo.

THE LOWEST FORM OF INSPIRATION.

Man does not know much by instinct. Some men do not even know their own mind. It is one of the things no one can learn to know. It is a knowledge which comes naturally, or, to use an antithetic but in this case almost synonymous term, by inspiration. A vast number of people, as soon as they are grown up, plunge into the world, not knowing what they want out of it, just as many women plunge into shops. The good bargains of life are not for them. Does this piece of gratuitous knowledge—the

knowledge of what they want—imparted by Providence to about half one's acquaintance as a birthright, bring happiness or not? In the view of the present writer it is nearly impossible to say. Those who know what they want and get it are, in spite of the instructions of our childhood, generally quite happy. Those who know and do not get it are often quite miserable. Those who do not know suffer the least. There can be no doubt of that. Unfortunately in this very strange world almost all the situations

in life which preclude suffering are dull and partake of the nature of a passive disappointment.

Very often we find two children in one family, one born to know his own mind, and one born to be ignorant of what he wants. The latter, if he is an agreeable fellow, starts life with the most friends. The man who does not know what he wants stands in no temptation to grudge others. He is not ambitious and not obstinate, and he easily passes for sympathetic and for unselfish. Determination is a disagreeable quality before reason develops. The child who asks counsel because he does not know his own mind gets credit. One passport to popularity he usually lacks—he is not often in high spirits; not knowing what he wants he does not know when he has got it, and he does not rejoice over luck or attainment. In all the great crises of life, moreover, he is at a disadvantage. He must accept the career chosen for him by his parents or indicated by circumstances, and he will probably never feel much zest for his work, though he may be well fitted for it. Whenever his task disgusts or disappoints him he will blame those who set him to it. In love he may be lucky. The first suggestion of matrimony comes very often from the woman. He has not the power to choose well. He may have the good fortune to be well chosen, but he has less chance of a happy marriage than the man who knows his own mind. For one thing, this lowest of the inspirations has a great charm for women; and for another, while all men are in a measure at the mercy of their emotions where matrimony is concerned, the man who knew what he wanted before he fell in love carries a compass by means of which he may weather a very heavy emotional storm. Of course, the man who does not know his own mind never makes

money and never makes himself conspicuous. This fact does not probably militate against his happiness. What does, however, greatly dim his pleasure in life is the want of that sense of discrimination; just as he is not sure what he wants so he is not sure whom he likes. His friends are a heterogeneous lot who fall away from him if he changes his domicile, and who are not comrades but company—he does not know what he wants in a friend. His reading, again, is equally indiscriminate; he is no critic, he is not sure what he enjoys. On the other hand, he is sure to have a name for wide toleration. "I like to know both sides," he says, whether he talks of politics or people. As a rule, that sentence means only "I do not know my own mind on the subject." All these are dull peculiarities, but the man who does not know his own mind has one most endearing peculiarity—he has no desire to alter someone else's. The passion to impart knowledge never destroys in him the power to receive it.

We have been speaking, of course, of the average man, of the kind who does not know his own mind. The type, like all other intellectual types, may approach both to idiocy and genius, and may be found among good and bad people. There are charming men whose failure to conclude means nothing but an increased facility to consider, and with whom the fact that their power of discrimination is small means only that their capacity for admiration knows no limits. They do not know very clearly what they want, therefore they ask for nothing, but are always giving. Their friends rest in them, and pay them that greatest of all tributes—turn to them when they know themselves to blame. In small matters and in great who has not taken untold comfort from time to time in the affection of persons who have no critical capacity, moral or

otherwise? Needless to say, there are as many despicable as admirable people who do not know what they want. Actively bad men and women always know their own minds, but passively bad people do not, and they are often horribly inconvenient, though mercifully somewhat ineffective. They are surely those alluded to in Scripture as "the unthankful and the evil." Having no power to discriminate, they are incurably suspicious and ungrateful, and where suspicion dwells high-mindedness is impossible.

Two spirits attend the christening of the child born to know his own mind—they are the spirits of success and of despair. Before he is six years old he will be intimate with both. The joy of attainment is very keen in childhood, and who that knows his own mind does not remember the misery of crying for what he wanted and could not have, and the rage engendered by the Job's comforters who, at the sacrifice of all truth and reason, assured him that if he had it he would not like it! The man who knows his own mind is a man of the world. He knows what a perfectly delightful and perfectly detestable place it can be. He knows—or he thinks he knows, which comes to the same thing—what angels and what devils inhabit it. He goes straight to his end, and as he uses his whole force he very often gets there; besides, his end is not always a very high or a very difficult one. A great many of those who know their own minds ask only the commonest blessings. If such an one fails he is done for, a broken man; but he does not often fail for certain till middle life, and a great many of us are broken by then, though, like the pitcher, we may still go backwards and forwards to the well for a great many years, and the flaw does not always show from a distance. But suppose he succeeds, or, at any rate, that he has not yet inevi-

tably failed, what pleasure he gets out of the side shows of life! He is always judging, always exercising a faculty which it is a delight to exercise. From the highest to the lowest matter it is an intense pleasure to have a conviction. If we read a book and say to ourselves, "That is very good; quite certainly it is very good," what a happy hour that book has given us! Exactly the same thing is true of the arts. We may have ever such bad taste, but the mere fact of knowing one's own mind is in itself pleasurable. Such and such scenery is what delights us, we say, and a corner of paradise is open. The search is exhilarating; the attainment is absolute satisfaction. The new-fashioned tolerance-worshippers may say what they will, but the greatest amusement to be got out of acquaintance is the amusement of passing judgment. If acquaintances become friends our attitude of necessity changes, but the gossips of the past knew what they were doing, and knew how to entertain themselves.

It is not too much to say that all intellectual conclusions are fraught with comfort to their possessors. Take the commonest subject of intellectual unrest—religion. The man of faith is happy. Sometimes we may think his happiness is self-righteous, but it is undeniable. The man a prey to doubt has always some inward agitation at the heart of his peace. The convinced materialist, on the other hand, is almost always a cheerful soul—or perhaps we ought to say a cheerful body. There is just one thing which the man who knows his own mind hardly ever knows, and that is his limitations. This piece of knowledge is reserved for his ignorant brother. There are compensations in character. Perhaps endowments are not quite so unequal as the anti-Socialists would have us believe.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The volume on "Elementary Biology: Animal and Human" by James Edward Peabody, A.M., and Arthur Ellsworth Hunt, Ph.B., which the Macmillan Company publishes, is intended primarily as a text-book for schools,—a use to which the long experience of the authors in the schools of New York and Brooklyn abundantly qualifies them to minister. But there are certain chapters,—especially those on Foods and on Stimulants and Narcotics—which will profit the general reader, if he will but give attention to them. The book is carefully prepared and fully illustrated.

Those who have suffered from that conversational nuisance, the talker firmly convinced that religion and medicine are matters of intuitive knowledge, and that he can discourse upon them improvingly, may take heart, for help is at hand. Dr. Edward E. Weaver, Ph.D., sometime Fellow in Clark University, has written "Mind and Health," a treatise on the interaction of the topics mentioned in its title, and on their recent exact investigation, both by psychology and by medicine, and its remedial influence will soon be apparent. It is profoundly interesting; and it brings into a small compass the histories of many "movements" hitherto only to be found in many volumes. Theories of mind, and the psychological principles of psychotherapy: definitions of value and reality; two chapters on religious reality, and on religious reality in some types of healing occupy the six chapters following a highly condensed and admirable historical introduction. Then come five chapters successively discussing Christian Science, The Emmanuel Movement, Dowlism, the

Christian Alliance, and Metaphysical Healing. The last three chapters treat of the demands and the constituents of a valid, religious system of healing, and show how the Church may heal, prophesying that by uniting to build up men, mind, spirit, soul and body, it will prove its divine origin and destiny, becoming fearlessly aggressive for the realization of the Kingdom of Heaven here and now. This noble vision is the result of years of arduous devoted study, and sincere readers will find it powerfully affecting. As for the gentleman who already knows all about religion and medicine he will continue to know. The Macmillan Company.

"The Social Center," edited by Edward J. Ward, is the fourth volume in the National Municipal League Series published by D. Appleton and Company. The author brings to this work the advantage of actual experience, for in a number of Rochester, N. Y., schools he has put into practice the ideas which the present book advances. The crying need of every community today, is, according to Mr. Ward, an opportunity and a place for its individual members to meet and discuss matters of political and social interest. In order to better politics and social conditions men must learn to work together, and in order to do so they must think and talk together in a place where they may "disagree amiably" and where each may have an equal chance to be heard. For this purpose Mr. Ward urges the school-house, because the school is properly the most common interest of all citizens and because the thought of growing generations, constantly brought to mind by such surroundings, is the best possible check to unscrup-

uliousness and selfishness. The schoolhouse, it is suggested, should be the polling place, the ideal spot for a public lecture center, for a branch public library, a public art gallery, a music center, a festival and recreation center, a vocation center and employment bureau, and the headquarters for the Public Health Office. In fact, what Mr. Ward calls *The Magnified School*, is to be the foremost factor in attaining an ideal commonwealth. The book is a thoroughly practical text book, and tells all that anyone interested in the subject would wish to read. It gives not only theories but detailed accounts of how this idea has succeeded when it has been tried. In an appendix the author gives a suggested Constitution for a Neighborhood Civic Club, and an exhaustive bibliography adds to the working value of the book.

Mr. J. J. Bell inscribes the latest instalment of Macgregor's biography to "J. E. Hodder Williams who suggested it," and as the title is "Courtin' Christina," its general course is easily foreseen, but its whimsicalities are very diverting. Both the courted and the courting persons being of the pure Glaswegian strain, their affair is conducted with cautious deliberation, and as it is prosecuted partly across a shop-counter and partly on the street it cannot truthfully be described as romantic. Its attractive quality lies in the continuous contrast between the two actors. The clever, self-possessed, determined girl, intent upon improving her worldly position whether single handed or otherwise, manages her employer and her employer's business with half her mind, gives most of the rest to rout and mortify her rivals and expends the remainder upon her lover. He is entirely forgetful of himself and of his own interests, until Christina by working alternately upon his cupid-

ity and his passion makes a man of him. The two family groups that watch the pair include three generations of old acquaintances; not essentially changed by the passage of the years that have brought Macgregor and Christina to the courting stage. George H. Doran Co.

More than one of the famous Italian collections of great paintings described in former volumes of the "Art Galleries of Europe" series is housed in a palace replete with romantic memories, but none has a domicile so rarely fit as that described by Mr. Henry C. Shelley in "The Art of the Wallace Collection." The pictures are those amassed by the third and fourth Marquises of Hertford and Sir Richard Wallace, and bequeathed by the widowed Lady Wallace to the British nation, in accordance with Sir Richard's expressed desire. All the persons to whom the collection owes its existence and all the former occupants of its dwelling were more or less remarkable, and Mr. Shelley's story begins with the reality of George Selwyn and his *Mie Mie*, Thackeray's Lord March, and Wordsworth's degenerate Douglas who was also Becky Sharp's Lord Steyne; and ends with Sir Richard Wallace and his consort, a French lady but as nobly generous to her adopted country as Wallace himself. As for the house, the home of the donors and of their magnificent gift to Great Britain, its doors had opened to Florizel and Perdita, and other persons equally regal and notorious, and pictures and house together make a national benefaction unsurpassed. Readers will find themselves tempted to linger over this chapter, with its illustrations, Sir Richard's portrait, Lady Wallace's bust, Perdita's portraits by Romney and by Gainsborough. Enthusiasts as to arms and armor may desire to skip immediately

to the chapter telling them of the gauntlet of Prince Henry, whose death gave the throne to unfortunate Charles the First, but between the first and the last chapter lie uncounted tales of great artists, their pictures and their sitters; of illuminations and miniatures, of choice specimens of jewelled stores of Dresden, of majolica and enamel. As one contemplates them, one does not wonder that the Hertford who was also Steyne once sent an agent in pursuit of a picture which lurked in his own house, hidden behind other treasures. The pictures in the volume number forty-eight, and whether one's favorite study be art or history, one will find them profoundly interesting. L. C. Page & Company.

It is probable that when Charles Reade published his "Put Yourself in his Place," he expected a resultant change in the behavior of trades-unions comparable to that which "Hard Cash" had wrought among unscrupulous keepers of insane asylums, and "Never too Late to Mend" had worked among cruel prison officials, but what has really happened? Let him who accepts Reade's opinion of the novel as an instrument in directing affairs compare present conditions, relations, and incidents in the interaction of labor and capital with those to be found in Reade's pages. It is not necessary that he himself should undertake a task so formidable. It is performed in the valuable book to which its author, Mr. John Graham Brooks, gives the name of "American Syndicalism: The I. W. W." The struggles between the laborer and his employer, between socialism and conservatism, between the fighters in both camps and those made to suffer by their fighting, are not so clearly apparent now as when Jacob practised sabotage to punish the kinsman who had broken a formal wage-contract.

The effect of wise governmental interference is not often now so visible as when Joseph stored the corn of the fat years to serve the Egyptians in the lean years, and the disadvantage of unrestricted immigration seldom now exhibits itself so clearly as when a cloud of poverty-stricken workers descended upon tolling Egypt, first, to breed disaffection among the indigenous workers; and second, to disorganize society when led forth in a body in angry protest against a taskmaster compelling them to provide material for ill-paid work. The Scripture narrative moves so swiftly, and its scale is so small, that it is easily understood, but years devoted to his more complicated subject have so developed the skill of Mr. Brooks that he imparts clarity of vision to his readers, and his book is almost equally easy reading. That it was also hard writing is shown by its history. Not only has the greater part of the matter been delivered as lectures, at the University of California in 1911, but it has been carefully remodelled before its present publication. Movements have been traced to their origin; the distinctions and divisions between the many groups of employers and of workmen have been so displayed as to show why their interpretation of their own principles is so various. Lastly, in summing up the case or rather the myriads of cases collected in his volume, Mr. Brooks has written a chapter entitled "Some Duties of our Own" showing the obligation of every strong man to assist the benevolent forces on both sides, and to endeavor to bring about perfect cooperation, until popular intention shall develop such popular habits of thought and action that all economic powers may be brought under social control. To conceive and write such a book is to make all the author's readers his personal debtors. The Macmillan Company.